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The Demagogue by D R Locke

D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. SAMUEL GLEASON TURNS OVER A NEW LEAF.

MR. SAMUEL GLEASON now began to wonder how he should be able to climb further up the ladder through the aid, voluntary or involuntary, of Caleb Mason. He had served three terms in the General Assembly of the state, but he did not see clearly how he was to make further progress. The stipend he received for his legislative services was a beggarly one, and his absence for three or four months every winter and spring was a decided drawback to his legal practice. Clearly, if he was to depend upon the law for a competence, he must attend to its practice more attentively; and if he was to depend upon political life for advancement, he must find some more lucrative field than the state legislature. As it was, he could not more than maintain himself comfortably.

He would have been glad to step into Mason's seat in Congress, but he saw no prospect of that. The two unsuccessful contests that had been waged to defeat Mason, wherein the latter had triumphed over his Democratic enemies in his front and secret enemies in his own camp, showed Gleason that if he hoped to defeat Mason he must spring the mine he had so long been preparing. But how could he himself profit by that? Gleason was alive to the political changes going on. He saw that the war for the Union must end in the collapse of the Confederacy and the rehabilitation of the nation; and he had been a sufficiently close student of history to know that the people, the masses, worship military heroes.

"And every mother's son who wore a strap will come home a little tin god on wheels, in the eyes of the voters," soliloquized he. "The success of the Union arms will shed a reflected glory on every general, colonel, major and captain; they will come home and go into politics—and we fellows who stayed at home won't have a ghost of a show for the offices. Why wasn't I sharp enough to get a commission and go the war? I'd have stood some chance then!"

And the more Gleason thought about the matter, the more he began to see that the political road was destined to be a thorny one for himself. If he had climbed as high as Mason, and had made a reputation for himself, he would have been safe when the swarm of army heroes should return and enter the political lists; as it was, the chances would be all against him. He brooded over this rapidly-coming state of things till tea time, and after his meal got on his horse and turned in the direction of the old Dunlap homestead.

The years had passed over it lightly. Sarah Dunlap was a good housekeeper, and had the instinct of order largely developed; and it extended beyond the interior of the farm-house, and embraced the entire place. Everything was in the same excellent order as in her father's day. She and her mother lived there together, but Sarah was the presiding genius. The farmer who lived with them and tilled the place looked to her for his orders, and often remarked among his intimates that if Sarah Dunlap had been a boy, she'd have made the boss farmer of the hull Black Swamp."

Gleason rode into the yard, gave his horse to the boy, and made his way to the house. Sarah received him with a smile of welcome.

"It has been a long time since you favored us with a call, Mr. Gleason. You gentlemen who are in politics are so engrossed that you forget us quiet dwellers in the country."

"Unless your votes are wanted, Miss Dunlap," replied Sam, returning her smile. "I'll admit the politicians are somewhat neglectful of the farmers except at such times."

"Well, I acquit you of any design of that nature. We women have no votes; you men graciously allow us to pay taxes, but our privileges stop there. So, though you are a politician, I won't accuse you of coming here on an electioneering mission."

"No; but, queerly enough, I came to talk to you about my being a politician. The fact is, Sarah," Gleason went on, falling familiarly into the old boy and girl fashion of using the Christian name instead of the more ceremonious "Miss." "I am not at all satisfied with a political life. It is a dog's life, at the best; and I begin to think I was a fool for ever going in for politics."

"So you come to ask me if I think you a fool?" Sarah asked, a mischievous twinkle in her eyes as she looked into his own.

Gleason's heart beat faster as he returned her gaze. Sarah Dunlap was indeed an attractive woman. The years had rounded her form, and the willowy grace of her youth had given place to lines that would better have suited an artist's eye; her face had become more intellectual, as it had but its childish contour; and although she lacked the promise that lurked in the rosebud, the perfect flower of her womanhood was more beautiful.

Sam Gleason had always loved her, but never so deeply as at that moment, when somehow he felt that she was more inaccessible than ever. Her ill-starred love for Caleb Mason, and the chain of events which followed it, had driven him, as a prudent man, to keep his own feelings in abeyance; and now it came to him that the failure of his career so far put an insuperable barrier between them. How could he, under the circumstances, ever press his suit with her without laying himself open to the charge of being a fortune-hunter?

He answered her promptly, however. "It amounts to that, really. I feel that I have been one, and I don't doubt but that you will agree with me when I explain the matter to you."

All the evening Gleason went over the matter in detail. "You see, Sarah," he concluded, "I am yet young enough to make a new start. I do want to be something in this world, and while I am beginning to see that politics isn't my line, I know I can make my way at the law, and I feel like just setting down in Pulaski and sticking right to my office and my practice. I was turning it over in my mind this afternoon, and I felt as though I wanted to talk it over with somebody — and somehow I thought your opinion would be better than that of any one else whom I know."

Sarah had listened attentively, not interrupting him by a word. Drawing a long breath as he ended, she answered, the color rising to her pretty cheeks as she spoke:

"I don't know when I have been so glad as I am to hear you say you want to abandon politics. I dislike politics—I abhor politicians! You don't know how sorry I have always been that you had a taste that way. Faugh! Politics ruins all that is most admirable in a man. He neglects everything and everybody but whom the ambition or office take to root in his nature. I am glad—glad—that you have come to your senses!"

"Then you don't think it is too late for me to try to make a career at the bar?" queried he, anxiously.

"Too late? Certainly not! You have not really lost any time. You think too lightly of what you have already accomplished in your profession. Besides, your experience in the legislature has been a part of your education; it has also given popular confidence in you, and when you start in to devote yourself entirely to the bar, you will find the people ready to give you their patronage. I am only thankful that you have had the wisdom to choose the right course in time."

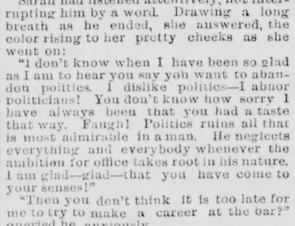
"Then you do think I've been a fool?" asked Gleason, smiling.

"Of course not! You must have had a fit of the blues this afternoon to make you think so badly of yourself. Your friends don't hold any such opinion of you, I am sure—at least, none that I know."

"Well, I am glad I came," responded he. "Somehow you chase away the clouds and give me a little better opinion of myself. I shall stick to the law and drop politics; that's settled."

And on his ride back to Pulaski Mr. Gleason meditated deeply about Sarah Dunlap. If he could only hope to win her! Did she still entertain any fondness for Caleb Mason? Impossible! But would the affair with him prove any obstacle to another wooer? Here Mr. Gleason became entangled in a maze of doubt, simply because he had not enough knowledge of the fair sex to know that it is a necessity to a true woman's happiness that she shall be loved and have some one on whom to lean, upon whom to lavish the stores of her affection; and that the falsity and baseness of one man is by no means made the reason for enmity to all other men.

It came over Mr. Gleason's mind, too, that he had not done his duty by Sarah Dunlap in regard to that receipt which Caleb Mason had given her father, which the latter afterward stole from the old man's desk the night he died, tore it into infinitesimal fragments and threw them into his waste-paper basket, amid a vast number of other similar torn bits of writing. During his political career, Gleason had done very little toward sorting out these bits and restoring, if possible, the document that



GLEASON MUSING.

would return to her many thousand dollars that were justly hers. He recognized now that he had been temporizing with his conscience, in neglecting this work of forcing a rightful restitution, in the dim hope that he might eventually see his way clear to succeeding Mason in Congress. Had he completed the work successfully, Dr. Blanchard and Sarah would have forced him to begin proceedings to secure the property.

"Well, that dream is over, thank Heaven! I shall go to work and piece together the fragments of that receipt, and force Mason to restore Sarah's property. Then—"

Here Mr. Gleason stopped, for it flashed across his mind that it would hardly be the way to win a lady's hand to go to her with the property he had recovered, and then attempt to make love to her. It would seem like demanding pay for services rendered. And it further occurred to him that to prefer his suit before he had done his work would seem like demanding her hand as a bribe to induce him to perform his task.

From all of which it would seem that he was, after the manner of lovers from time immemorial, worrying himself about points that would never occur to a woman if she really loved a man—and if she did not, would not weigh anything in her mind in his favor. "Women are kittle cattle," says the old Scotch proverb, but it is true only to men who do not understand them; and Sam Gleason certainly did not.

However, he did not let the unfavorable condition of his love-affairs interfere with the determination he had made to adjure politics. He settled himself down, and could be found at his office early and late. Several legal matters that had long been in his hands were speedily cleared up, to the delight of his clients; he won a couple of cases in which he was attorney before the next term of the Common Pleas court, and attracted considerable attention to himself from his fellow-members of the bar by the masterly analysis he made in addressing the jury in one—a land case—which showed a vast amount of patient, effective study of authorities and precedents; and he won where everybody had supposed he had no case at all, by unearthing a precedent that his fellow-lawyers had never heard of. And so it nually dawned upon the minds of the good people of Pulaski that Sam Gleason had somehow become changed—how or why they did not know; but the change was apparent.

One evening Dr. Blanchard, passing along the street, noticed the light in Gleason's office, and dropped in for a chat. He found the young attorney deeply engaged in making notes, with a stack of law books around him.

"Hello, Doc.! Come in! Find a chair and sit down! You haven't been in to see me for a long while. How's things?"

Blanchard, returning the salutation, found a chair, and seated himself. Gleason laid aside his pen and threw himself back in his chair with a sigh of weariness.

"What are you working at so hard, Sam?"

"Oh, a case that was given me this afternoon. I concluded I would take a run through the reports and see what I could find in the way of precedents bearing upon it."

"What is the outlook for the legislature next fall, Sam? Good, of course?"

"If you mean as regards myself, Doctor, I am out of it. I shall not be a candidate for renomination."

Blanchard's face expressed surprise. "Indeed! Then you are looking out for something higher, I take it?"

"No," promptly returned Gleason. "The fact is, Doc, I can't afford to dabble in political life. I have my own way to make in the world, and I am sure I shall get along faster if I stick to my profession here than if I waste my time in political work. I'm done with it."

"Well, there isn't much in a seat in the legislature, I'll admit; but why don't you try for something better?"

Gleason opened a drawer in his desk, took out a box of cigars, gave one to the doctor and lighted another. Then leaning back in his chair, he put his feet on his desk, and began:

"Doc, you're a good friend of mine, and I don't mind telling you, confidentially, what's the matter. First, I've been in the legislature three terms, and while my

"HELLO, DOC."

record is pretty good as a hard worker, and, I hope, as an honest man, I haven't made anything like a state reputation. I am not a particularly good politician, because I haven't the patience to be watching every possible chance to pull wires and keep myself before the people. Now, the war is going to end inside of a year. The Confederacy is nothing but a hollow shell, all its strength on the outside. That shell, covering to be pierced, and the whole thing will collapse. The armies will come home, and the officers and men will return to private life. The former have acquired a taste for leadership, and many of them will go in for political preferment. Their soldiers will be for them first, last and all the time; and all the favors will go to their soldiers. Civilians will have to take back seats. And I've made up my mind that I will get out while I can get out with credit, instead of being forced out. I *am* out, Doc—out to stay. I am going to stay right here and practice law; and get rich as quick as I can."

Blanchard expressed his hearty acquiescence in the views of the young man, and commended his foresight. "I suppose you are still to continue as the agent and legal adviser of Miss Dunlap?"

Gleason nodded shortly.

"And you are going to take steps to recover the money Caleb Mason robbed her of at her father's death?"

Another nod.

"Have you succeeded in piecing together that receipt?"

"Not yet."

"It seems to me," went on Blanchard, slowly and meaningly, "that it is taking you a good many years to do it."

Gleason winced perceptibly. "Yes," he admitted, "I have neglected it too long. I must finish it up as speedily as I can."

"How long will it take you?"

"Several months, I am afraid—that is, as I can only devote my spare time to it."

"You will have it complete by the time Mason is up again for renomination, will you not?"

"It shall be complete long before that, doctor."

"You will use it against him then, of course?"

Gleason considered a moment. Then he dropped his feet to the floor, straightened himself up in his chair, looking Blanchard squarely in the face, and replied:

"What is my duty in that matter? To bend every energy to a recovery of the money for Sarah Dunlap, or to make the defeat and exposure of Mason the main object?"

"Will not the two necessarily go together? Do not the recovery of the receipt and the demand for restitution involve the overthrow of Mason?"

"Not necessarily. Mason can not dispute the receipt; he will know that I am able to prove that he had it in his possession, and that he tore it into fragments, intending to destroy it. Now, if I go to him privately, show the receipt and demand the money, with interest from date, he will, I think, be likely to pay up in order to get that damaging bit of evidence, the torn receipt, out of the way. But if the matter is made public first he will fight the case. It will be necessary for him to do so, for acknowledgment would mean his ruin, to say nothing of the punishment for the felony of which he was guilty in stealing the paper. He may deny the genuineness of the receipt—and in its patchwork condition there might be some trouble in convincing a jury that it is not a forged document, gotten up for political effect, to injure Mason politically. Or he may bring up some story to the effect that old man Dunlap took the money back for some purpose, and gave up the receipt. He is a clever rascal—very clever; and he could make up a story that would impose on the average jury. Oh, I know him, doctor! He is the smoothest rascal in the state of Ohio to-day. Come, now, old man! There is my case. Which course is it my duty to take as the attorney for the defrauded party—Miss Dunlap?"

Dr. Blanchard had listened attentively to this slow-spoken elucidation of the case—first with a look of perplexity, which gradually changed into one of anger.

"You are a lawyer, and I am not," he replied coldly. "Why ask me a question which you are far better qualified to answer than am I?"

"Because I have reason to distrust my judgment in this particular case," returned Gleason, not without embarrassment.

Blanchard looked keenly at him, evidently debating as to what interpretation to put on the young lawyer's words and looks. Then he answered:

"I do not understand why you should distrust your judgment in this particular case. Perhaps if you will explain more fully I may be able to answer the question you proposed."

"Well, Doc," said Gleason, with an embarrassed laugh, "You are an old friend, and I can trust you that it shan't go any further. The fact is—well—I'm in love with Sarah Dunlap! There, the murder's out! Now, can't you see that I want to do the fair thing, the right thing, but am perplexed as to whether I may not be unconsciously biased?"

Blanchard's face cleared as if by magic. He grasped the other's hand and gave it a hearty shake, as he replied: "Well, I'm glad to hear it, and only hope the love reciprocates. But do you know, Gleason, what I suspected to be the reason that you put that question to me?"

"I can't imagine. What was it?"

"Well, I fancied you might have gotten entangled with Mason in a political way, and didn't desire to injure him publicly!"

Gleason's face was the picture of amazement. "What on earth put that idea into your head?"

"Well, several things. In the first place, you might have completed the piecing together of the fragments of the receipt long ago, if you had desired to do so; no, don't interrupt me—let me speak plainly and frankly. Then you have supported Mason in his campaigns; and in many ways have shown a disinclination, it seems to me, to move against him. And when you stated your case a few minutes ago, and asked me for my opinion, it seemed to me that you wanted to draw me into agreeing with you that your duty to your client could best be discharged by making a private arrangement with Mason, whereby his rascality should be kept secret on the condition of a full restitution being made. Can you wonder that I suspected you of being in some measure entangled in Mason's meshes?"

Gleason looked troubled. "I am not, however. I will admit that I have not dealt squarely in the matter of that receipt. I might have finished piecing it together long ago, and I'm sorry I didn't. But the truth is, that I wanted to climb as Mason climbed, and when I had got high enough then topple him over. But I am cured of that. No more politics in mine, Doc! I've sworn off—turned over a new leaf, and so on, as to office-seeking. I want to get the thing straight just as soon as possible, however. As quickly as I can do it that receipt shall be pieced together. Then comes the question of how to proceed—and you haven't given me your opinion yet."

Dr. Blanchard arose from his chair and walked up and down the room restlessly. "I'm afraid, Gleason," he said, after several turns, "that I am, like yourself, in danger of having a biased judgment. I dislike Mason so thoroughly, that possibly my opinion would not be worth having."

"You think, then, that I should expose him publicly first, and then trust to luck and a country jury to get Miss Dunlap's money from him?"

Blanchard stopped his restless walk, and dropped again into his chair. "No, I don't, Sam. As a lawyer, your first duty is to your client. Get the money from Mason in the easiest way. You will not be compounding a felony, because we cannot prove that he stole the receipt from Farmer Dunlap's desk on the night he died. We are both perfectly certain that he did, but we can't prove it in legal form. Make him disgorge first; its downfall is certain, and the truth will eventually come out. But tell me about your wooing, Sam; does it prosper?"

Gleason blushed slightly. "N-no, I can't say that it does. In point of fact, I have never said a word to Miss Dunlap; and I don't know that I ever shall, either," he added, disconsolately.

"Why not? Faint heart never won fair lady,' you know. Or are you waiting till you can restore her own to her before you speak?"

"That's just the trouble!" burst out Gleason. "If I wait till then, she will think I am presuming on her gratitude!"

"I see. Why not speak at once, then?"

"Yes, and have her imagine that I want her to marry me as a sort of retaining fee for taking the matter up and pushing it to a conclusion! Don't you see what a dilemma I am in, Doc? If I were as rich as she is, or if she was as poor as I, and I hadn't this confounded affair in my hands, I might make some headway; but as it is, I can't do anything!"

To Gleason's intense surprise, Dr. Blanchard burst into a peal of laughter. The lawyer looked at him with such a surprised expression that he went off in another explosion of mirth.

"Oh, you may laugh, Doc! But it is no laughing matter with me, I can assure you! Can't you see the dilemma I am in?"

"The dilemma is entirely one of your own making, Sam," replied the doctor. Excuse my laughing, but I really could not help it. Depend upon it, if the girl loves you, she will not dream of suspecting you of trying to marry her for her money, nor that you ask her for her hand as a reward or as an incentive. If she don't love you, she won't marry you as a means of paying your fee, depend upon it—and I think too well of you to imagine that you would want her on such terms, even if she were willing."

"Then you think I have a chance?"

"Just as much a chance as if you were not her lawyer, if that is what you mean. Go in and try your fate!"

The doctor's words were consoling to Mr. Gleason, but could not remove his disquiet entirely. Nevertheless, he applied himself assiduously, whenever he had any spare time, to the work of fitting together the little bits of paper, locking himself carefully in his back room for that purpose. It was very tedious, but he worked away with a feeling that in some way the prosperity of his suit for Sarah Dunlap's hand depended upon his success in restoring the torn receipt.

This was in the fall, not long after the triumph of Mr. Mason over General Price at the congressional election. Gleason saw Mason passing along the street now and then, and every time this occurred it set him on edge with impatience to complete his task. He was anxious to bring that gentleman to book in the matter of the Dunlap estate.

One day Sarah Dunlap called at Gleason's office on a matter of business, and when it was concluded he accompanied her to the buggy. "Can you take me with you as far as Niles's factory, Miss Dunlap?" asked he. "I wish to see Niles, and you have to pass his place on your way," said he.

"I shall be glad to have your company. I often get tired of riding alone," responded Sarah, cordially. And the two were soon on the road together. As fate would have it, they met Caleb Mason riding on horseback before they had gone two squares. He bowed courteously, his face as impassive as though they were mere casual acquaintances.

Gleason glanced apprehensively at his companion's face. He had the impression that it must be very disagreeable for her to meet Mason; hence he was surprised to see that her face bore its usual pleasant expression, without a trace of feeling of any kind.

"That gentleman will have the disagreeable duty of handing you over a considerable sum of money within a few months," Gleason began, with an undefined idea of probing her feelings toward Mason.

Sarah's expression changed to one of interest. "You have completed the piecing? Why did you not tell me?"

"Not entirely; but I am getting on. I hope to have it done by the time he returns home next spring."

"Well, I shall be glad to have it all over with—not so much on account of the money, as because I want to be quit of him entirely," responded she. Will there have to be a lawsuit? I shall not have to appear as a witness, will I?"

"If there is a lawsuit, I am afraid that you will. But I hope to be able to settle the matter without recourse to the courts, if you are willing."

"Why should I not I be willing?"

"I—well, really, I did not know," answered he. "I am glad the subject came up, for I have been wanting to ask you about it." And he went on to explain the case as he had done to Dr. Blanchard.

"And now, Sarah," he concluded, "shall I endeavor to get him to make restitution without publicity, if he will do so, or shall I make a public exposure of his conduct? Which would you advise?"

"I? The matter is one that you are far more competent to decide than I. If nothing but my feelings were to be consulted, I should prefer that it be done privately, if possible."

"You have no desire to have him punished for his treatment of yourself?"

"Not the least. I am glad that I escaped, even in such a way, the unhappy lot that would have been mine had I married him. Better a short period of discomfort than life-long misery!"

"You certainly have no wish to spare him the ignominy of exposure?"

"I have no feeling for or against him. He is an utter stranger to me, and shall always remain so. I dislike the idea of making a public matter of it, unless unavoidable, because I do not wish to be a witness in court, for one thing; and for another, I do wish his wife, poor woman, to have any greater burden of suffering laid upon her than she now bears. Poor thing, she is unhappy enough as it is!"

"Mrs. Mason unhappy? What makes you think so?"

"Why, I know it! She is proud and reserved, and conceals her feelings; but her life is an exemplification of the story of the Spartan boy and the fox which he had hidden in his bosom—he let it tear his vitals rather than make any outcry. Caleb Mason is supremely selfish; he is incapable of loving anybody but himself. His wife jilted a man who could have made her happy to gratify her ambition; and it is but seldom now that she grasps it. Her illusion, if she had any, was over long ago. Poor woman, I pity her!"

Sam Gleason was convinced by this conversation that Sarah Dunlap had no feeling for Caleb Mason save indifference. If she ever wore the willow for his sake, she did so no longer. The coast was clear, and there was no reason why he should not press his own suit.

And, as he sat in his back office that evening, laboriously piecing together minute fragments of paper, he took heart of grace and swore a big oath to himself that if Sarah Dunlap were to be won at all he should be the man to win her; and he determined that the campaign should begin at once, regardless of the incomplete condition of the work upon which he was then engaged.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Our Biblical Story.

JOSHUA;

A Story of Egyptian-Israelitish Life.

BY PROF. GEORG EBERS,

AUTHOR OF "UARDA," "AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS," ETC.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The story opens at the time of the last plague of Egypt. A deadly fever, killing the victim in a few moments, is carrying off the first born of man and beast. An old astrologer stands with his grandson on the watch-tower gazing into the heavens to see if the stars foretell the end of Egypt's great trials. Suddenly the e appears in the distance a long procession of people emerging from the graveyard and going toward the Red Sea. The chanting of priests mingled with cries of grief breaks on the stillness of the night, and another procession appears, coming from the darkness and approaching the temple of the gods.

Terr fied, the old man and the youth descend to the street, where they meet the throng going to the temple. The youth, seized with the fever, falls dying at his grandfather's feet. The people, enraged at the want of power of their gods, and believing that the Israelites by magic are causing all their woes, cry out for destroy them and theirs. Urged on by their priests they rush to the part of the city where the Israelites live. Reaching there they find nothing living. Men and beasts have mysteriously disappeared.

They satisfy their vengeance by demolishing the houses. During the succeeding day Bale, the prophet, is borne to the scene of devastation in his litter, to feast his eyes on the destruction of the property of the people whose god was more powerful than his.

Hornecht, captain of the bowmen, joins company with the prophet. Together they view the destruction caused by the mob. They observe that the sacred doves, who seek in vain for food, are pursued by cats. A Nubian slave follows one of the animals into the opening beneath a heap of ruins. He discovers a youth whose head is covered by ghastly blood clots. He had been caught in the falling walls. His name Ephraim, the grandson of Nun. Joshua, a Hebrew captain in Pharaoh's army, is his kinsman. The youth is the son of a wealthy pastoral patriarch. He is a "shepherd prince" and had come to take service under the valiant warrior. Baie confides the wounded youth to the care of Hornecht. His friendly interest is prompted by gratitude for being saved by Joshua from the hands of the Libyans. In a faltering condition Ephraim is borne to the house of the archer.

Kansana, the lovely young daughter of Hornecht, is a widow. She wedded one whom she had never loved in deference to the imperious will of her father. Her heart was filled upon Joshua. Detecting a resemblance between her father's guest and her Joshua, Kasana welcomes the "shepherd prince" and attends to his injuries with her own white hands. Ephraim hates the Egyptians as the oppressors of his race, but the enchanting appearance and the soft voice of the daughter of his enemies awaken within his bosom a new-born ardor.

That night the youth wanders in the garden with his sweet nurse. From beyond the walls comes the sound of wailing. Mourners follow the victims of the plague to the burying.

The pair discuss the subject of the hatred that the Egyptians bear their race. Ephraim's passion grows apace. Hornecht joins them, with the announcement that Joshua, with his army, is outside the gates of Tanis. Suddenly the sound of martial music breaks on their ears. Joshua, in armor at the head of a detachment of his followers, marches by. He salutes Kasana by lowering his massive battle ax. Ephraim bids Kasana farewell and falls unconscious at her feet. Recovering by a powerful effort, he springs through the garden entrance and joins Joshua. The latter holds him to his breast. Overcome by conflicting emotions and by physical weakness, Ephraim again loses consciousness and is borne to his father's tent.

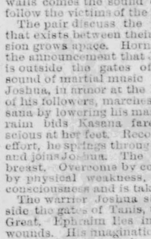
The warrior Joshua sits before his tent outside the gates of Tanis, the city of Rameses the Great. Ephraim lies inside fevered from his wounds. His imagination dwells upon Kasana, Joshua, haughty and severe, ponders upon his people in captivity. A lame girl, granddaughter of Eliab, an aged slave of his house, seeks his presence. Eliab longs to behold again the first born of his lord. He bids the girl inform the captain that his father promised that he (Joshua) would leave the Egyptians and follow his own people.

The warrior perceives that he must comply with the old slave's wish. Deeply he reflects as he gazes into the embers of the fire. He had been afar from home doing battle with the Libyans. Soon he would behold his venerable father. In distant camps a maiden of his own race appeared to him in the dreams. He had been born in the flesh. She was Miriam, the prophetess of God.

Kasana, the beautiful Egyptian widow, was modest and tender. He had thought of her as his wife. Yet he was conscious that the lovely Miriam—that he no longer regarded Kasana as his future bride. He had sworn obedience to Pharaoh. Should he now be a traitor to the mighty sovereign whose banner he followed? If he espoused the cause of the Israelitish people he was gone. Unless he did so Miriam was lost to him forever. Her image rose before his mind's eye. "I will remain," he thought. "Let the Israelites go. I, a captain of ten thousand, must be there to my oath." He thus addresses Ephraim. The youth informs him he has heard the voice of the prophetess Miriam. He repeats her words. They command Joshua to be the shield and sword of Israel.

Joshua is still more disturbed. Miriam's prophetic words weigh upon him. Loud seems the call. Shall it be obeyed? Suddenly a tumult breaks the stillness of the camp. Hoglah, the grand-daughter of Eliab, an old Hebrew slave, had come to beg Joshua to go to the old man, who earnestly desired to see him, as he felt his strength failing, and feared that death was nigh. Joshua accompanies Hoglah to the new hut in which she dwelt with her grandparents. Old Eliab hails Joshua as the only hope of Israel, and proceeds to relate in detail the miraculous events which led to the exodus of the children of Israel, the previous plagues, and recites the promises to the people by Nun, Joshua's father, that the latter shall follow and lead the people. Joshua feels that the God of Israel had ruled the souls of His people at their departing, and that he must follow, in obedience to the commands and wishes of his father. Pressing old Eliab's hand, Joshua exclaims, "You shall hear of me!" and returns to his camp.

CHAPTER VII.



JOSHUA returned to his tent with a bowed head. The discord in his soul was resolved. He knew not what burden he must take up. His father called him and he must obey.

And the God of his people! As he listened to the old man's tale, all he had heard of that God in his childhood reawakened in his soul, and he knew now that He was another than Set, the God of the Asiatics in Lower Egypt; and another than the "One," the "Sun of All," of the Adepts. The prayer he had been wont to say on going to rest, the story of the Creation which he had never been weary of hearing, because it so plainly showed how everything which existed in heaven and on earth had gradually come into being till man came to take possession of it and to enjoy it all; the history of Father Abraham, of Isaac and Jacob, Esau and his own forefather Joseph—how gladly had he hearkened to all this as it was told him by the gentle mother who had borne him, by his nurse and his grandfather, Elishama, and yet he seemed long since to have forgotten it. But under the old slave's humble roof he could have repeated the tale word for word, and he now knew of a surety that there was indeed one God, invisible, almighty, who had chosen Israel to be his own people and had promised to make them a great nation. That which the Egyptian priesthood kept secret as the greatest mystery was the common possession of His people; every beggar, every slave might lift his hands in prayer to the one invisible God who had revealed himself to Abraham and promised him great things. Over-wise heads among the Egyptians, who had divined His existence and overlaid His essence with the monstrous births of their own imaginings and their own thoughts, had shrouded Him in a thick veil and hidden him from the multitude. It was only among His chosen people that He lived and showed forth His power in its mighty and awful greatness.

This God was not nature, though the initiated in the temples confounded them; no, the God of his fathers was enthroned on high, above all created things and the visible universe, above man, His last and most perfect work, created in His own image; and all creatures were subject to His will. He, the King of Kings, ruled all that had life with just severity; and although He hid Himself from the sight of man who was His image, and was beyond man's apprehension, yet was He a living, thinking and active Being, even as men were, save that His term of life was eternity, His mind was omniscience, His realm was infinity.

And this God had instituted Himself the leader of His people. There was no captain who could dare to defy His power. If Miriam were not deceived by the spirit of prophecy, and if he had indeed called Joshua to be His sword, how could he resist, or what higher place could he fill on earth?

And his people? The rabble crowd of whom he had thought with scorn, how transfigured they seemed by the power of the Most High now that he had heard old Eliab's tale! Now he only longed to lead them; and on his way back to the camp he stayed his steps on a sandy knoll from whence he could see the limitless waters gleaming under the light of the lamps of heaven, and for the first time for many long years, uplifted his arms and eyes to the God whom he had found again.

He ended with a simple prayer which his mother had taught him; but then he cried to the Lord as a mighty counselor, and besought Him with fervent entreaty to show him the way in which he should walk without being disobedient to his father, or breaking the oath he had sworn to the king, or becoming a traitor in the eyes of those to whom he owed so much.

"Thou people glorify Thee as the God of truth, punishing those who brake their oath!" he cried. Now canst Thou bid me to be faithless, and to be false to the pledge I have given? All I am or can do is Thine, O, Lord, and I am ready to give my blood and my life for my brethren. But rather than cast me into dishonor and perjury let me die and give the task to a free man bound by no oath."

Thus he prayed, and he felt as though he clasped in his arms a friend whom he had accounted as lost. Then he walked on in silence through the diminishing darkness, and as the gray dawn stole up, the high tide of passion ebbed in his soul, and the clear-headed warrior could think calmly.

He had vowed to do nothing against the will of his father or his God, but he was no less resolved never to be a traitor and oathbreaker. What he had to do he now saw plainly and clearly. He must quit Pharaoh's service and declare before the face of his superiors that as a dutiful son he must obey the commands of his father and set forth to share his fortunes and the fortunes of his people.

But he did not conceal from himself that his demand might be refused, that he might be kept back by force—perhaps, if he persisted unmoved in his resolve, be threatened with death, or, if it came to the worst, be laid in irons by the executioner. But even if this should be his doom, if his deed cost him his life, he would have done what was right, and his comrades in arms, whose esteem was dear to him, would still think of him as their worthy mate; his father and Miriam would not be wroth with him; nay, but would mourn for the faithful son, the true man who preferred death to treason.

Calm and collected in spirit, he gave the watchword to the sentry with proud composure and went into his tent.

Ephraim still lay sleeping and smiling, as though wrapped in sweet dreams. Joshua lay down on a mat near him to seek strength for the hard day before him. His eyes soon closed, and after sleeping an hour he awoke of his own accord, endeavored for his hasty toilet, donned his helmet and armor, which he was wont to wear only at high festivals or in the King's presence.

Meanwhile Ephraim, too, awoke, gazed at his uncle from head to foot with delighted curiosity as he stood before him in stalwart manliness and shining, warlike splendor, and cried as he started up:

"It must be a fine thing to be dressed like that and feel onesalf to be the leader of thousands!"

The elder man shrugged his shoulders and replied:

"Obey the Lord thy God, and give no man, whether great or small, the right to regard you with anything but respect, and then you may carry your head as high as the proudest here in his purple robe and gilt breastplate."

"But you have done great things among the Egyptians," the lad went on. "They hold you in high esteem, even Hornecht, the great captain, and his daughter Kasana."

"Do they?" said the warrior with a smile, and he bid his nephew to lie down and keep quiet, for his brow, though less feverishly burning than it had been the night before, was still very hot.

"Do not go out of doors," Joshua added, "till the leech has been to see you, and await my return."

"And will you be long away?" asked the boy.

At this Joshua paused in thought, looked kindly in his face, and then gravely replied:

"The man who serves a master never knows how long he may be detained." Then, changing his tone, he added less emphatically: "To-day, this morning, I may perhaps get through my business quickly and return in a few hours. It it should not be so, if I should not be with you by this evening, or early to-morrow morning, then"—and he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder—"then make your way home as fast as you can. If when you reach Succoth the people have gone on before you, look in the hollow sycamore before the house of Amihadab and you will find a letter which will tell you whither they have gone; and when you come up with them greet my father and my grandfather Elishama, and likewise Miriam, and tell them and all the people that Joshua will ever be mindful of the commands of God and of his father. Henceforth he will be called Joshua by all men—Joshua, and not Hosea. Tell this to Miriam first of all. Finally, say to them that if I stay behind, if I am not allowed to follow them, as I fain would do, it is that the Most High hath dealt otherwise with me, and had broken the sword which He had chosen before he had used it. Do you understand me, boy."

And Ephraim bowed his head and said: "You mean that death alone can keep you from obeying the call of God and your father's commands?"

"That was my meaning," replied his uncle. "And if they ask you why I have not stolen away from Pharaoh and escaped from his power, answer that Joshua would fain enter on his office as a true man unstained by perjury, or, if it be God's will, die true. Now rehearse the message."

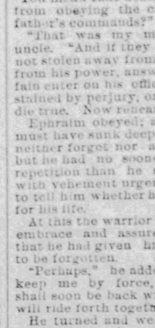
Ephraim obeyed; and his uncle's words must have sunk deep into his soul, for he neither forgot one altered or single word. Then he arose, and no sooner ended his task of repetition than he seized Joshua's hand with vehement urgency and implored him to tell him whether he had indeed any fear for his life.

At this the warrior clasped him in loving embrace and assured him that he hoped that he had given him this message only to be forgotten.

"Perhaps," he added, "they may try to keep me by force, but by God's help I shall soon be back with you again, and we will ride forth together to Succoth."

He turned and went out without heeding his nephew's questions, for he heard the sound of wheels without, and two chariots with fine horses came rapidly up to the tent and stopped in front of the entrance.

CHAPTER VIII.



JOSHUA was well acquainted with the men who stepped out of the chariots; they were the head chamberlain and one of the king's chief scribes, and they had come to bid him to the "High Gate," as the palace of the Pharaohs was called. No hesitancy or escape was possible, and he got into the second chariot with the scribe, surprised indeed, but not uneasy. Both officials wore mourning robes, and instead of a white ostrich plume, the insignia of office, a black plume fixed on the brow. The horses, too, and the runners were decked with badges of the deepest woe. And yet the king's messenger seemed to be cheerful rather than dejected, for the noble bird which they were charged to bring into Pharoah's presence had come out at their call, and they had feared to find the nest deserted.

The long-limbed bays of royal breed carried the light vehicles with the swiftness of the wind across the uneven sandy way and the smooth high road beyond, toward the palace.

Ephraim, with youthful inquisitiveness, had gone out of the tent to see the unwonted scene that met his eyes. The soldiers were well pleased that Pharaoh should have sent his own chariots to fetch their captain, and he even felt his vanity flattered when he saw his uncle drive away. But he had not long the pleasure of watching him, for thick clouds of dust soon hid the chariots from view. The hot desert wind had risen which so often blows in the Nile valley during the spring months, and whereas all night and in the morning the sky had been clear y blue, it was now not clouded, but veiled, as it were, with white haze.

The sun looked down, a motionless globe, like a blind eye above the heads of men, and the fierce heat it shed seemed to have burned up its beams, which to-day were invisible. The eye, protected by the mist, could look up at it unhurt, and yet its scorching power was as great as ever. The light breeze which commonly fanned the brow in the early part of the day touched it now like the hot breath of a raging beast of prey. It was loaded with the fine scorching sand of the desert, and the pleasure of breathing was turned into torture. The usually fragrant air of a March day in Egypt was now an oppression both to man and beast, choking their lungs, and seeming, indeed, to weigh on the whole frame and check its joy in life.

The higher the pale and rayless orb rose in the sky the denser grew the mist, the heavier and swifter rolled the sandclouds from the desert.

Ephraim still stood in front of the tent gazing at the spot where Pharaoh's chariots had vanished in the dust. His knees shook, but he attributed this to the wind sent by Set-Typhon, at whose blowing even the strongest was aware of a weight about his feet.

Joshua was gone, but he might return in a few hours, and then he would be compelled to follow him to Succoth; then the fair dreams and hopes which yesterday had brought him and whose bewitching charms his fever had enhanced would be lost to him forever.

In the course of the night he had quite made up his mind to enter Pharaoh's army, to the end that he might remain near Tanis and Kasana; but, although he had not more than half understood Joshua's message, he could clearly infer that he meant to turn his back on Egypt and his high office, and that he counted on taking him, Ephraim, with him, unless, meanwhile, he could make good his escape. So then he must give up all desire to see Kasana once more. In this thought was more than he could endure, and a voice within whispered to him that he had neither father nor mother and was free to act as he chose. His guardian, the brother of the deceased father, in whose house he had been brought up, had died not long since of an illness, and no new guardian had been appointed to him, as

Recent Literature.

MAKE YOUR OWN CHOICE.

Convenient Houses and How To Build Them—Martin Van Buren—Great Leaders—Lectures on Russian Literature—Constitutional History of the United States—Dunleath Abbey.

"Convenient Houses and How to Build Them," by Louis H. Gibson, architect, is a book that everybody who is going to build a home would do well to purchase and read carefully. It has evidently been written by one who has a thorough knowledge of not only the necessities of a home, but also its needs, and has provided for them. Fifty plans are given, combining utility and beauty. It is really practical housebuilding, and it tells just what the one who is trying to have a home to suit himself and family wants to know. The relation of architecture to good and economical housekeeping is first considered, and then comes "A Journey Through the House," in which the various details are carefully considered. After the 50 plans there is a complete specification for everything which may concern a dwelling-house. Then comes a consideration of business points, the making of contracts, etc., winding up with the way to arrange the payments by monthly installments. The whole work is a complete description of the process of building in the very best way, and is very valuable. The last two or three chapters are themselves worth a great deal because of the information given in regard to paying for a home through building associations, etc. The work is published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

"Martin Van Buren to the End of His Public Career," by George Bancroft, is a book that will attract no little attention from those who are interested in the political history of our country. The volume has been written from manuscripts and letters that were given to Mr. Bancroft by Senator Wright, of New York, and the work was prepared while Mr. Van Buren was living, and subjected to his criticism and approval. At that time, however, the public mind was so agitated by party divisions on public affairs and on public men that it was not thought best to publish the work, but to wait until a time which would be more favorable to a fairness of judgment of Mr. Van Buren's career. Harper & Bros., New York, are the publishers.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, issue, in their series of "Great Leaders," a volume entitled "Historic Portraits," from the great historians, selected with notes and brief biographical sketches, by G. T. Ferris. Most of the portraits chosen are those of men who are world known, and their peculiar characteristics have been presented with graphic and singularly penetrative insight into human motives. As the compiler remarks, almost every writer of history finds some one individual whose life challenges his interest more strongly than others, and he throws greater action into his delineation. The present volume is a collection of these vivid portraits, and is well worth reading.

In the International Education series, issued by the Appletons, one of the most interesting is the recent volume entitled "European Schools," further described as "What I Saw in the Schools of Germany, France, Austria, and Switzerland," by L. R. Klemm, Ph.D. It is, Mr. Harris, the editor, says, the first attempt of its kind that proves of real help in the schoolroom. Hitherto there has been only vague criticism, often becoming sweeping, when they did not suit the taste of the writer. What has been needed is a book that would help the teacher to do his own work better and more intelligently, and this it is believed the present work will do.

"Les Poetes Francais du XIXe Siecle" is the title of a volume of French poetry just published by William R. Jenkins, New York, comprising selections from 82 French poets of the present century, chronologically arranged by authors, and prefaced with brief biographical notices of the poets themselves. The editing of the work has been done by Prof. C. Fontaine, of Washington, who has devoted much time to its preparation, and the work reflects much credit upon his judgment and care; as, while representative in its character, it is free from any moral impurities, thus making it an excellent text book for the student as well as a delightful anthology of the French poets for the general French reader. Price, $1.50.

The seventeenth volume of Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia extends from Gogo (a town and seaport of British India) to Hallography (a description of the sea), and compares favorably with its predecessors in its skillful editing, handy form, excellent typography and binding, and its remarkable economy in cost. The publisher formerly announced the work to be published in "30 or more volumes;" now, it is definitely promised to be completed in 40 volumes, and they are promised hereafter at the speed of at least one volume a month, which is very rapid for good work. While in magnitude the Cyclopedia compares closely with Appleton's or Johnson's, and is considerably larger than the latest edition of Chamber's, it is vastly more comprehensive than either of them. Besides covering the usual ground of a universal Cyclopedia, it includes also an unabridged dictionary of the English language, every important word to be found in Webster's or Worcester's, and not a few besides which have grown into the language since their latest revision. A specimen volume may be ordered in cloth for 60 cents, or in half Morocco for 85 cents, to be returned if not wanted, which is an advantage that is rarely offered to purchasers, as it enables them to see exactly what they are buying. John B. Alden, publisher, New York, Chicago or Atlanta.

A very interesting little book is one entitled "Lectures on Russian Literature," by Ivan Panin, which includes Pushkin, Gogol, Gurgeneff, and Tolstoy. They are presented here exactly as delivered, with the exception of some quotations. A very clear survey is taken of these authors and of Russian literature in a general way, which he asserts is in no sense original but imitative, yet it is an imitation of the best, because the work has been in all cases done by writers who had wealth and the leisure it gives to do it well. The volume is of interest and is timely. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A book also from the Putnam's, and of value, is one entitled "Constitutional History of the United States." It is made up of a course of lectures before the Political Science association of Michigan, delivered by Judge Cooley, of Ann Arbor; Hon. Henry Hitchcock, of St. Louis; Hon. George W. Biddle, of Philadelphia; Prof. C. A. Kent, of Detroit, and Hon. D. H. Chamberlain, of New York, all noted for their knowledge of constitutional law. The matter is, as denoted by the title, considered historically and with care, so that the development can be traced to the present time. A great deal of interest will be found in the pages of the volume for the general reader.

A story which will be read with interest by those who like a sensational plot is entitled "Dunleath Abbey; or The Fatal Inheritance," by Hansen Penn Diltz. The plot turns upon the loss of the family diamonds by theft and the affixing of the crime to the hero of the tale. There is continuous action from first to last, and the reader will be held to the end. It is published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

Another book from the same publisher, and one belonging to the Young Cruiser Series, is entitled "Paddling in Florida; or The Canoe Cruisers of the Gulf," by St. George Rathborne. It is a pleasant story for boys and will be a source of pleasure to those so fortunate as to possess the volume. It is illustrated.

"The Sunter Calendar," for 1890, by Mrs. J. Pauline Sunter, is a very pretty promise of what may be expected in this line for the holidays. Each month has an appropriate picture in colors, with a line or two of comment. It is published by Frederic A. Stokes & Bro., New York.

The following are some of the pamphlet novels recently received:

"On Circumstantial Evidence," by Florence Marryat, author of "With Cupid's Eyes," etc.; "The Curse of Carne Hold," by G. A. Henty; and "The Tree of Knowledge," by G. M. Robins. These are from Frank F. Lovell & Co., New York, and come in his International Series.

In the Manhattan Series comes "A Modern Miracle," by James Franklin Fitts, author of "A Thorn in the Flesh," etc. A. L. Burt, New York, publisher.

Among the pretty flexible covered "Literary Gems," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, is "The Culprit Fay," by Joseph Rodman Drake; "Rab and His Friends and Majorie Fleming," by John Brown, M. D.; "Our Best Society," by George William Curtis; "The Gold Bug," by Edgar Allan Poe; "The Good-Natured Man," by Oliver Goldsmith; "Sweetness and Light," by Matthew Arnold. These are wonderfully pretty little pocket editions of these gems.

J. B. Lippincott company, Philadelphia, issue in their series of Select Novels, "The Pariah," by F. Anstey, the author of "A Fallen Idol," which attracted considerable attention upon its appearance sometime ago. Price 25 cents.

The same publishers issue in pamphlet form one of Octave Feuillet's stories entitled "Madame de Maurescamp," which is a story of Parisian life translated by Beth Page. It is an interesting story.

The American News company, New York, issues "Bijon, the Foundling of Nag's Head," by Albert P. Southwick.

A very pretty new publication for young folks is one named *Santa Claus*, issued in Philadelphia, New York and Boston simultaneously by the Santa Claus company. It is a weekly, and filled with stories, poetry, etc., and bids fair to be acceptable to the public.

The books mentioned above were received from Brown, Eager & Hull.

Literary Notes.

There is some talk of an illustrated edition of "Ben Hur."

George Kennan has been made an honorary member of the National Polish alliance.

The lost books of Euclid are said to have been discovered in a Sanskrit translation at Jeypore.

A series of lectures delivered by Carlyle in 1838 are said to have been found in manuscript.

Edgar Fawcett's much-read novel, "An Ambitious Woman," has been added to the Riverside Paper Series.

Edward Bellamy will review Margaret Deland's new book, "Florida Days," for the Christmas *Book Buyer*.

The *Independent* has an article on "Ben Johnson and His Four Great Dramas," by Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Mrs. Oliphant has had "a serious difference of opinion" with her English publishers, but everything is now amicably adjusted again.

Dr. G. W. Hosmer, of the New York Health Department, is the writer of an article on city drainage, under the title of "The Hidden River."

"John Ward, Preacher," has passed its fiftieth thousand in America, been added to the Tauchnitz list in Germany, and now is translated into Dutch.

Belford's for November will have a paper by Jefferson Davis, a discussion of longevity, by Dr. Felix Oswald, a story by Celia Logan and another by Charles M. Skinner.

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's very clever magazine story, "The Last Assembly Ball," is given entire in a beautifully-printed volume of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s publication.

The November *Outing* has a lively paper on whaling, from advance sheets of "Arctic Alaska and Siberia," by Herbert L. Aldrich. The illustrations are from photographs.

The Boston *Post* regards as a significant sign of the times the scepticism which Charles Dudley Warner expressed in the October *Harper's* in regard to the alleged incomprehensibility of women.

Miss H. R. Schreiner, a sister of the famous novelist Olive Schreiner, has been devoting herself to temperance work in South Africa. She is now in England as a part of her tour around the world.

The Boston School Supply company send "Notes of Lessons for Young Teachers," by John Taylor, and "Essentials of the Metric System," by George Jackson, useful little manuals of their kind.

A novel by Charles Dickens the present, is promised for early publication. It is said that Mr. Dickens has had a feeling of nervousness about putting this work before the public, one of the disadvantages of being the son of a famous father.

Mrs. Jane G. Austin is likely to win her most permanent fame as a historical novelist. "A Nameless Nobleman" has enjoyed decided popularity. She will soon publish, through Houghton, Mifflin & Co., "Standish of Standish," a story in which the famous captain of the Plymouth colony is the leading figure.

Mr. Chase and Mr. Blum are the illustrators of a paper on "Street Life in Madrid" in the current *Century*. The engravings from the sketchy drawings by these two highly original artists are superbly made by Juengling. One of the most notable things in this number of the *Century* is an engraving by Johnson from Velasquez' head of Æsop.

"Marie Bashkitseff, the Journal of a Young Artist," is an important work announced for early publication by Cassell & Co. From fragments which we have seen, and from which we have already quoted, there is no doubt that the journal is in many respects remarkable, and will possess a lively degree of interest.

Miss Ume Tsuda, a Japanese young lady who spent eleven years in this country as a government student, is in Washington on a second visit. On her return home, in 1882, she became a teacher in a school established by the Empress of Japan, and she has been granted a leave of absence to visit the United States, with a view to perfecting herself in the later methods of normal schools.

Bringing Them to Terms.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

They know how to bring corporations to time down in Indianapolis. A charter was granted to a street railroad company requiring it to run platform cars and employ conductors. This was done during the summer, but when cold weather came the company put on some bob-tail cars, which were warmer than open cars, to be sure, but which required the passenger to deposit his fare in the box. The passengers refused to make servants of the company of themselves, and such as are not timid now ride free. One driver stopped his car and refused to proceed before four men had paid their fares. This they declined to do, and after some delay the other passengers compelled the driver to whip up his nag.

But Not Excellent.

"Can you let me have $10 till next week?" asked the snake editor.

"No, I can't," replied the horse editor, without the slightest hesitation.

"You don't appear to know what a good thing it is to lend that amount."

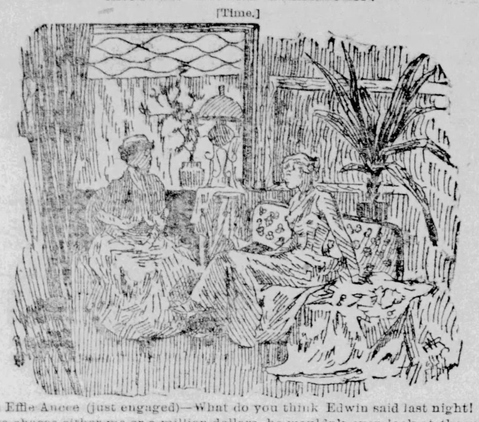
"How is it good?"

"It is X lent."—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

—The bald man's motto: "There is room at the top." This top may be supplied with a good crop of fine hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer. Try it.

ANOTHER BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

[Time.]



Miss Effie Ancee (just engaged)—What do you think Edwin said last night! That if he had to choose either me or a million dollars, he wouldn't even look at the million.

Miss May Tour (still waiting)—Dear, loyal fellow! I suppose he didn't like to risk the temptation.

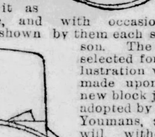
NEW STYLES OF FALL TILES.

The Square Crown Derby—A Revival of the Tourist Shape—Fancy Shades.

Hatter and Furrier.

The square crown in stiff hats seems to have made somewhat of a hit, and in both the flat brim yacht shape and the square crown derby orders have been quite plentiful. The yacht shape has had quite a run in certain sections of the country, and there is every probability that it will be one of the popular shapes for next spring. It is badly adapted to heavy overcoats, but it is a good spring and summer shape.

The square crown "derby" has come in with a rush, and is being sold by the very best class of trade. The leading New York retailers have come to look upon it as a staple shape, and modifications is shown with occasional by them each season. The hat selected for illustration was made upon a new block just adopted by Mr. Youmans, and will, without doubt, be one of the leading shapes. It is made in two proportions—5¾x1¾, 5¾x1 5-8—1¾. In soft hats there is a genuine revival of the Tourist shape, and as the season advances there is more and more evidence that it will have a large sale, particularly in fine grades.



In colors, the fancy shades of blue, green and brown continue to meet with favor in both soft and stiff hats. The blues and green are of very dark shades, and are really very handsome. These colors are very popular in Europe, and their advent here is but a question of time.

POLICING YELLOWSTONE PARK.

The Military System Is Preserving Game and Preventing Vandalism.

Boston Journal.

The surveillance of the park is in the hands of the military, and in good hands, too. The present superintendent is Capt. Boutelle, of the First cavalry, who succeeded Capt. Harris at the beginning of the season. Under the old system a civic superintendent and nine assistants were supposed to look after a tract of country nearly half as large as the state of Massachusetts, and not only prevent tourists from carrying away the geyser and hot spring formations, but also to "round up" the hunters and trappers, who would do much to deplete the national reserve of its noble game unless prevented. There was never anything like a proper patrol of the park until it was placed under military control. Every citizen who desires to see the park wonders preserved should rejoice in Capt. Boutelle's appointment. With the aid of two companies of cavalry, one of which is stationed at Mammoth Hot Springs, and the other at the Lower Geyser Basin, small detachments being placed at the other tourist centers, the regulations made by the interior department have been efficiently enforced, and in a manner acceptable to the public.

Some persons there may be who have taken umbrage because they were not permitted to despoil the geysers and springs of their beautiful deposits, but every fair-minded person cannot but rejoice that the rules against carrying away specimens are strictly and impartially carried out. Capt. Bonas, of the First cavalry, the second in command, is, like Capt. Boutelle, a thorough officer and a thorough gentleman. The soldiers are an aid to tourists, not a menace, and while carefully guarding the formations from vandalism, are excellent guides.

So carefully is the "no shooting" regulation enforced that much of the game is becoming quite tame. While I was riding over the Trout Creek route a few days since, two beautiful deer and [illegible] roadside and remained there [illegible] without fright, while my [illegible] driven by. There are thousands of elk, a few buffalo—perhaps three hundred—mountain sheep, antelope, bears, and other game within the Park enclosure. The buffalo are seldom seen, but are known to exist in the eastern and southern parts of the Park.

A PASTORAL.

The missionary around him looked,
And said, "I wish to state
That cannibalism will not be permitted
Within my pastorate."

And his flock was heard to remark later on
That for flavor he couldn't be beaten,
For, though still within the pastorate,
They were outside the pastor eaten.
—*Terre Haute Express*

A Victim of a Veto.

Boston Journal.

One of the victims of President Cleveland's pension vetoes has just died. She was Mrs. Pierce, of Bucksport. Her husband sailed from Bucksport in 1839, and was never heard from after passing Owl's Head. Mrs. Pierce had five small children to care for, and nothing but their home. When the war of the rebellion broke out, the son who was her main support went into the army, and being overcome with the heat while marching, was taken to the hospital, where, while suffering from brain trouble, he escaped from the nurses, and falling into the Potomac river, was drowned. Strenuous efforts were made to procure a pension, but because of some technicality it was always defeated. At last a special bill was passed through both houses of Congress, but vetoed by the President.

Brought Him to Time.

"You are not going to stay down town late to-night, are you, John?"

"Not very late, Maria. I have to help put a man through the third degree at the lodge. I'll come straight home as soon as it is over."

(Kindly, but firmly)—"If you can repeat the password, 'Six slim slick saplings,' distinctly when you return home from the lodge, John, the outside guardian will admit you, and if you can't you needn't ring any alarm at the outer door. You'll stay on the outside all night, my dear."

[John came home early.]—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Piece of Her Mind.

A lady correspondent has this to say:

"I want to give a piece of my mind to a certain class who object to advertising, when it costs them anything—this won't cost them a cent. I suffered a living death for nearly two years with headaches, backache, in pain standing or walking, was being literally dragged out of existence, my misery increased by drugging. At last, in despair, I committed the sin of trying an advertised medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and it restored me to the blessedness of sound health. I honor the physician, who, when he knows he can cure, has the moral courage to advertise the fact." The medicine mentioned is *guaranteed* to cure those delicate diseases peculiar to females. Read printed guarantee on bottle wrapper.

For all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a dose.

NEW YORK'S RICH MEN

FIFTY GREAT MILLIONAIRES.

Their Fortunes, Families, Hobbies and Expenses Per Year—An Interesting Glance at the First Fifty of New York's Famous "Four Hundred."

The New York *Journal* publishes a list of Ward McAllister's famous "four hundred" New York society people, giving the amount of their wealth, their families, favorite fads and expenses per year. Following is a list of the first fifty of these well known millionaires:

1. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT—Worth $70,000,000; wife and seven children; twenty-two servants; ten horses; town house No. 1 West Fifty-seventh street; country house at Newport; collects rare books; spends a year $500,000.
2. WILLIAM ASTOR—Worth $65,000,000; wife and four children; fifteen servants; eight horses; town house No. 350 Fifth avenue; country houses at Rhinebeck-on-Hudson and Newport; collects rare specimens of Dresden china; spends a year $500,000.
3. WILLIAM KISSAM VANDERBILT—Worth $60,000,000; wife and three children; eighteen servants; twenty-two horses; town house No. 660 Fifth avenue; country houses Oakdale, L. I., and Newport; yacht Alva; raises rare stock; spends a year $800,000.
4. JOHN JACOB ASTOR—Worth $55,000,000; widower; one son; ten servants; four horses; town house No. 338 Fifth avenue; country houses at Rhinebeck and Newport; cultivates highly intellectual men; spends a year $100,000.
5. ROBERT GOELET—Worth $45,000,000; wife and three children; sixteen servants; town house No. 591 Fifth avenue; country house at Newport; collects antique bric-a-brac; spends $250,000 a year.
6. AUGUST BELMONT—Worth $40,000,000; wife; three sons; eight servants; ten horses; town house No. 109 Fifth avenue; country houses Newport and on the Hudson; collects paintings and statuary; spends $500,000 a year.
7. OGDEN GOELET—Worth $40,000,000; wife and two children; fifteen servants; ten horses; town house No. 608 Fifth avenue; country house at Newport; yacht Norseman; fond of house furnishing and billiards; spends $800,000.
8. THEODORE HAVEMEYER—Worth $30,000,000; wife and seven children; fifteen servants, town house No. 244 Madison avenue; country house at Newport; yacht Rowena and machinery; spends a year $800,000.
9. FREDERICK VANDERBILT—Worth $25,000,000; wife, no children; twelve servants; six horses; town house No. 449 Fifth avenue; country house, on the Cliffs, Newport; yacht Valiente; plays the banjo and violin; spends $200,000 a year.
10. ANDREW CARNEGIE—Worth $25,000,000; wife; no children; ten servants; ten horses; town house, No. 5 West Fifty-first street; country house in Pennsylvania; likes gardening; spends a year $300,000.
11. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR—Worth $20,000,000; wife and three children; eight servants; six horses; town house No. 8 West Thirty-third street; country houses at Tuxedo Park and Newport; diplomat and author; spends $300,000 a year.
12. GEORGE VANDERBILT—Worth $20,000,000; bachelor; one servant; two horses; town house No. 640 Fifth avenue; country house at Bar Harbor; devoted to books and libraries; spends $10,000 a year.
13. AUSTIN CORBIN—Worth $15,000,000; wife and two daughters; fifteen servants; ten horses; town house No. 425 Fifth avenue; country house at Babylon, L. I.; spends $250,000 a year.
14. MISS JULIA RHINELADER—Worth $15,000,000; ten servants; four horses; town house No. 17 Washington square, north; country house Ocnre Point, Newport; devoted to the Episcopal church; spends $200,000 a year.
15. ORME WILSON—Worth $15,000,000; wife and three children; ten servants; seven horses; town house No. 414 Fifth avenue; country house at Newport; musical; spends $250,000 a year.
16. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD—Worth $15,000,000; wife and six children; thirteen servants; eight horses; town house No. 2 West Fifty-second street; country houses in the Adirondacks and at Newport; interested in the salvation and safety of the public; spends $750,000 a year.
17. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, JR.—Worth $10,000,000; bachelor; one servant; two horses; lives at No. 350 Fifth avenue; collects autographs; spends a year $50,000.
18. BRADLEY MARTIN—Worth $10,000,000; wife and four children; thirty servants; four horses; town house No. 22 West Twentieth street; country-house "Bal Ma Caan," Scotland; spends his time deer stalking and entertaining distinguished Englishmen; spends a year $500,000.
19. HENRY CLEWS—Worth $10,000,000; wife and four children; twelve servants; ten horses; town house No. 9 West Thirty-fourth street; country-house Ocean avenue, Newport; writes books; spends $500,000 a year.
20. LEVI P. MORTON—Worth $10,000,000; wife and five daughters; fifteen servants; twenty horses; town houses Fifth avenue, this city, also in Washington; country place Ellerslie, at Rhinebeck-on-Hudson; devoted to church charities; spends a year $500,000.
21. OGDEN MILLS—Worth $10,000,000; wife and three children; ten servants; six horses; town house No. 2 East Sixty-ninth street; country-house Anthony's Nose, Newport; admires marble statuary; spends $500,000 a year.
22. ABRAM S. HEWITT—Worth $10,000,000; wife and five children; thirty servants; two horses; town house No. 9 Lexington avenue; country-house Ringwood, New Jersey; devoted to butter making, mining and the welfare of the public; spends $500,000 a year.
23. HAMILTON McK. TROMBLY—Worth $10,000,000; wife and six children; ten servants; eight horses; town house No. 684 Fifth avenue; country house at Madison, N. J.; advocates grape raising; spends $500,000 a year.
24. DR. SEWARD WEBB—Worth $10,000,000; wife and three children; ten servants; twelve horses; town house No. 680 Fifth avenue; country house at Shelborne, Vt.; yachts Sappho and Elfrida; likes farming, driving and tobogganing; spends $100,000 a year.
25. WILLIAM D. SLOANE—Worth $10,000,000; wife and four children; fifteen servants; ten horses; town house No. 642 Fifth avenue; country house "Kim Conr," at Lenox, Mass.; fond of entertaining company; spends $500,000 a year.
26. J. COLEMAN DRAYTON—Worth $10,000,000; wife and three children; ten servants; six horses; town house No. 347 Fifth avenue; country house in Pennsylvania; likes gardening; spends a year $300,000.
27. JAMES ROOSEVELT ROOSEVELT—Worth $10,000,000; wife and three children; eight servants; five horses; town house No. 4 West Fifty-seventh street; country house on the Hudson; yacht Victoria; fond of collecting etchings; spends a year $500,000.
28. J. J. VAN ALEN—Worth $8,000,000; widower; no children; thirteen servants; town house, Knickerbocker cuib; country house at Newport; likes polo and polo; spends $200,000 a year.
29. PIERPONT MORGAN—Worth $8,000,000; wife and two children; ten servants; town house No. 219 Madison avenue; country house "Cragstone," Highland Falls, N. Y.; yacht Corsair; collects rare works of art; spends $250,000 a year.
30. MME. DE BARRIOS—Worth $7,000,000; widow; seven children; twelve servants; six horses; town house Fifth avenue; country house Newport; spends a year $100,000.
31. HEBER R. BISHOP—Worth $5,000,000; wife and eight children; thirteen servants; fifteen horses, town house No. 881 Fifth avenue; country house Babylon, L. I.; likes fine wines and water colors; spends $250,000 a year.
32. CHARLES B. ALEXANDER—Worth $5,000,000; wife and one baby; ten servants; eight horses; town house No. 4 West Fifty-eighth street, country house Seabright, N. J.; studies logic and mathematics; spends $300,000 a year.
33. HAMILTON FISH—Worth $5,000,000; widower; five children; ten servants; four horses; town house Stuyvesant Park; country house Garrison's-on-Hudson; devoted to politics and books; spends $200,000 a year.
34. MRS. MARSHALL O. ROBERTS—Worth $5,000,000, until she marries again; one son; ten servants; five horses; town house No. 107 Fifth avenue; country house Newport; likes English society; spends a year $50,000.
35. GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE—Worth $5,000,000; wife and four children; fifteen servants; twelve horses; house Newport, R. I.; collects old clocks; spends $200,000 a year.
36. LOUIS LORILLARD—Worth $5,000,000; wife and three children; ten servants; eight horses; house at Newport; likes driving and shooting; spends $200,000 a year.
37. RICHARD T. WILSON—Worth $5,000,000; wife and five children; ten servants; seven horses; town house No. 511 Fifth avenue; country house at Newport; fond of reading and railroads; spends a year $250,000.
38. HENRY G. MARQUAND—Worth $5,000,000; wife and four children; ten servants; six horses; town house No. 11 East Sixty-eighth street; country house Newport, R. I.; collects work of art; spends $250,000 a year.
39. HAMILTON FISH, JR.—Worth $4,000,000; wife and four children; eight servants; ten horses; town house No. 19 East Sixty-fourth street; country house on the Hudson; likes to play amateur lawyer and collect rare orchids; spends $200,000 a year.
40. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY—Worth $4,000,000; wife and five children; eight servants; eight horses; town house No. 8 East Forty-eighth street; country place on the Hudson; yacht Electra; devotes his time to the society for Prevention Cruelty to Children, electricity, yachting and entertaining the press; spends a year $200,000.
41. NEWBOLD MORRIS—Worth $4,000,000; wife and one daughter; seven servants; five horses; town house No. 19 East Sixty-fourth street; country house on the Hudson; likes to play amateur lawyer and collect rare orchids; spends $200,000 a year.
42. PIERRE LORILLARD—Worth $4,000,000; wife and three children; thirteen servants; two horses for private use; town house No. 680 Fifth avenue; country house Tuxedo park; yacht Reva; cares most for horse raising; spends yearly $200,000.
43. GEORGE R. BLANCHARD—Worth $4,000,000; wife; no children; fifteen servants; ten horses; town house No. 1 Washington square, north; country house at Newport; spends $200,000 a year.
44. GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD—Worth $4,000,000; wife; no children; fifteen servants; six horses; town house No. 60 Fifth avenue; country house "Cragside," Coldspring-on-the-Hudson; collects rare live foreign birds and musical instruments; spends $200,000 a year.
45. STUYVESANT FISH—Worth $4,000,000; wife and two children; eleven servants; twelve horses; town house No. 20 Gramercy Park; country house on Hunter's Island, the Sound; likes boating; spends a year $200,000.
46. ADRIAN ISELIN, JR.—Worth $3,000,000; wife and four children; seven servants; town house No. 204 Madison avenue; country house Newport; yacht; likes to buy church paintings and collect coins; spends $100,000 a year.
47. JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTONE—Worth $3,000,000; widower; five children; ten servants; eight horses; town house No. 8 Fifth avenue; country house at Plainfield, N. J.; collects works of art and Persian rugs; spends $100,000 a year.
48. LAWRENCE TURNURE, SR.—Worth $3,000,000; wife and four children; fifteen servants; thirteen horses; town house No. — Fifth avenue; country house at Lenox, Mass.; likes horses; spends $150,000 a year.
49. ADOLPH LADENBURG.—Worth $3,000,000; wife; no children; ten servants; fifteen horses; town house No. 41 East Twenty-third street; country house at Hempstead, L. I.; hunts with the Meadow Brook Hunt club; spends $100,000 a year.
50. HENRY BARBEY—Worth $3,000,000; wife and three children; ten servants; six horses; town house No. 17 West Thirty-eighth street; country house at Newport; spends $150,000.

"THE LOVERS' FRIEND."

Young Ladies Should Take Great Interest In This Device.

There is a Tennysonian thought which reads something like this: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Now every lover will recognize the the truth of this, but every honest lover will go a step further and add: "In the fall also," etc.

The New York *Press* inventor has just returned from the country, and his observations there have taught him that just now there is more buggy riding, and consequently more love-making going on than there was in the spring.

And, after all, this is but natural. The

THE OLD WAY OF DOING IT.

crops are gathered, the air is brisk and nature dressed in her gayest robes welcomes true lovers with her brightest smiles.

There was one fact, however, which oppressed the inventor, and that was that no one appears to have original ideas or device for the furtherance of courtship upon the road. The horse must be guided, and either the young man or his best girl must devote some portion of their attention to it.

In general, it may to her credit be said, the young lady is perfectly willing to drive

HOW IT IS NOW DONE.

and thus allow her lover to give his best efforts to a more interesting occupation. But—

To such a method of procedure there are objections. In the first place the young lady really needs the free use of her hands. In the second place—well, it's no use in giving other reasons, for everybody knows them by heart.

The only purpose which the inventor has in mind is to help all true lovers by the mechanical device here offered.

"The Lovers' Friend," then, consists, as is illustrated in figure 2, of two levers hinged at the bottom of the buggy and provided with treadles for the feet. The ends of the levers project for a short distance above the dash-board and to them are fastened the reins.

Pressure with the foot upon the right-hand lever turns the horse to the right, and vice versa. Simple, isn't it?

Figure 1 is presented to show to those who have never been there themselves one of the old methods of courting in a buggy. This method will undoubtedly fall into innocuous desuetude now that "The Lover's Friend" has been introduced.

A Lovely Room to Lounge In.

Philadelphia Upholsterer.

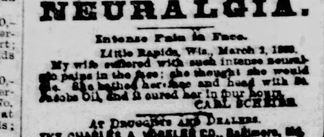
One of the most charming rooms we have seen is covered, ceiling and side walls, with drapery, forming a perfect tent. The stuff is dull in color and Oriental in effect; on the ceiling it is drawn from the sides to the center, into a huge rosette, from which hangs an old iron lamp. The only decorations on the side walls are some bits of armor. For furniture great easy divans line the sides, a large palm stands on a teak-wood pedestal and a Turkish coffee table fills one corner. What a place in which to lounge while a pretty girl reads you bits of Browning! or, as a friend of mine, a "theolog," says, "What a place in which to write a sermon on the demoralizing effects of modern luxury!"

His Proud Heart Broken.

Cholly—"Hello, Fweddy! You don't appeah cheahful. What's the mattah, old chappie!"

Fweddy—"I'm afwaid I'm taking cold, Cholly. Bah Jove, I came down town this mawning without me eye-glawses!"

Spirit of Christopher Columbus (looking down sorrowfully on the scene)—"Alas! Do they talk of changing the name of this country to Columbia?"—[Chicago Tribune.



ST. JACOBS OIL
SURE CURE.
CURES PERMANENTLY
NEURALGIA.

Intense Pain in Face.
Little Rapids, Wis., March 2, 1888.
My wife suffered with such intense neuralgic pains in the face; she thought she would die. She bathed her face and head with St. Jacobs Oil, and it cured her in four hours.
CARL SCHEFFER.

At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

COMRADES, please read the announcement of Col. Knox's new story, "Teetotaler Dick," on the fourth page of this issue, and then send us the names and addresses of your friends and neighbors, who do not take THE BLADE. We will gladly send a copy of the paper with the opening chapters to every one of them. You can easily get the names and addresses on a postal card. Please do it *at once!*

AN IMPORTANT RESOLVE.

A Leaf from a Soldier's Diary—A Reminder of Days Gone By.

APRIL 17, 1861—that is the first date in my Diary, after enlisting to fight the Southern slave owners. And now, it is a new life, until the end shall come of a war that has just begun. It may be my fate to pass out of it sooner; and into a life without an ending. Only two days have I taken, since the President called for troops, to decide what was right, and what was my duty. Yesterday I passed out of town, on Main street and up the river road to find a secluded spot, where none should come to interrupt my thoughts. A spot where nothing could be heard or seen but the beautiful work of God. Midway from the roadside to the water line, down the sloping bank, I found a bed of moss at the foot of a tree and sat down upon it. The clear, unrippled water of the stream flowed steadily and strong on its way to meet the incoming tide of the lake near by. A quiet place for serious thinking and important resolves.

I don't know anything about religion. It is a something with so many ifs and whys; so much thus and so; so many isms and scisms; ironclad creeds and man-created formulas—perhaps it is best I should not try to get at the bottom facts. But this is plain to me: There is a God; and He created this beautiful—this magnificent world. He is right here with me. And I am not going to leave this spot (so I conversed with myself) until out of this Creative Force shall come a revelation to guide me. And so, sitting there amid the beauties of nature, all the day, I was thinking, thinking—till out of all came my resolve. Then, when the fast declining sun and lengthening shadows gave token of night's approach, I went back to the humble house, where my treasures were. My wife, and my little girls, my Stella and my Daisy. And they will cling the closer with entwining arms about my neck, and weep. But I shall try to have a stout heart, and look brave; and talk of duty and patriotism, and my country's peril, and its sore need of valiant defenders; and so, in trying to make them grieve the less, it may be that I shall forget to let my own heart overflow.

To-day, on every corner of the streets of Palmesville, O., men and women gather in groups and talk about the war that has actually commenced. Reading the news bulletins from the office of the Palmesville *Telegraph*, more and more their anger rises. Intensity of feeling, too deep for many words, emotions that weaken vocal power, seem to have control of all alike. The hearts of the people are stirred to the depths, as never before. When the records are complete, it will be found that Palmesville, Lake county, O., came to the rescue with a noble showing of willing hearts.

The muster roll for an infantry company is presented for signatures and very promptly filled up. My name is there. What will the end be? Some of us will never be seen on these streets again. Some will come back crippled and debilitated. I am not enlisting thoughtlessly and without knowledge. I shall no doubt be a target for the enemy's shot or shell. In the mud and rain, on bed and cold, from the terrible fatigue by the long, the tiresome marches, I shall grow older than I should in the life at home. Into my sinews, into my bones will enter the seeds for disease in the years to come. Many evenings in childhood, sitting at my grandfather's feet, I have listened to his story of seven years' service under Washington; and how he suffered at Valley Forge, and how his feet became frozen and made him a cripple for the rest of his life. And then, too, in sunny France, my ancestors, the Rudolphs and Estells, were soldiers, and their story of a soldier's life was passed along down the line till it reached my mother, and she told it to me. Oh! yes, I know what to expect in soldiering.

But, what's the difference how many stay behind, nor who shall go forward; my duty is to go. Men who say they can not enlist on account of age and for other reasons, tell me to have no trouble of heart on account of the wife and little girls—they will provide for them. I hope they will. Dear old uncle Tim Brooks, my employer, is one in whom I can trust. The family he promises to take care of will not suffer. So, on the 17th day of April, 1861, at Palmesville, Ohio, I change my life; I dedicate my physical and mental powers to the service of my country. And may God, the Creator, be likewise a Preserver, a Helper, a Guide, and my Judge. That my wife, my little girls, my friends and all who shall know of my record, may be proud to mention my name when this war is ended—I shall do my whole duty.—HARRY DINGMAN, Toledo, O.

THE LITTLE CONTRABAND.

The Little Fellow In the Bed—Getting Rid of the Name of "Massa."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Although for years a regular subscriber of THE BLADE and an army veteran, yet I have never before ventured to throw a "chip" upon the Camp Fire, and if this one should prove too soft to make a blaze, I hope the editor will consign it to the waste basket.

Our first "contraband" was the subject of much sport for the boys. It was while we were in camp at Lebanon, Ky., in the last days of December, 1861, that a bright little quadroon or octoroon boy of 12 or 14 years of age came to the camp of company A, and said he had "runed off," because "old massa was dun gwine to sell him down South." He at once enlisted the sympathy of the boys of my squad, who hid him under one of the beds of our tent. Not long afterwards, while we were engaged in a game of seven-up (some of us seated upon the bed under which little Jake was hid), the officer of the day, with Jake's master, entered the tent and asked if "we'd seen a little yaller boy that he'd lost?" Consulting the wag of the squad, looked up, and with mock innocence asked: "Was he your son, sah?" This ended the search, for of course none of us had seen him, and the slave owner gave up the search.

That night we received orders to march at sunrise next morning, and before daylight, on New Year's morning, 1862, our camp-wagon was loaded and in it was stowed little Jake. At sunrise we began our march, which ended in the death of Zollicoffer and the rout of his army at Mill Springs, on January 19.

Jake's master followed us on horseback during our first day's march; but before going into camp that night the bo

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

The West Point Academy.

M. S., Astoria, Ill.: Each Congressional district and territory—also the District of Columbia—is entitled to have one cadet at the academy, the cadet to be named by the Representative in Congress. There are also ten appointments at large, specially conferred by the President of the United States. The number of students is thus limited to 349.

Appointments are usually made one year in advance of date of admission, and are made by the Representative. The Representative may nominate as legally qualified a second candidate, to be designated the alternate. The alternate will receive from the War department a letter of appointment, and will be examined with the regular appointee, and if duly qualified will be admitted to the academy in the event of the failure of the principal to pass the preliminary examination. Appointees to the military academy must be between 17 and 22 years of age, free from any infirmity which may render them unfit for military service, and able to pass a careful examination in reading, writing, orthography, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and history of the United States.

The course of instruction, which is quite thorough, requires four years, and is largely mathematical and professional. The principal subjects taught are mathematics, French, drawing, tactics of all arms of the service, natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, and electricity, history, international, constitutional, and military law, Spanish, and civil and military engineering, and science of war. About one-fourth of those appointed usually fail to pass the preliminary examination, and but little over one-half the remainder finally graduate. The discipline is very strict—even more so than in the army—and the enforcement of penalties for offenses is inflexible rather than severe. Academic duties begin September 1. Examinations are held in each January and June, and cadets found proficient in studies and correct in conduct are given the particular standing in their class to which their merits entitle them, while those cadets deficient in either conduct or studies are discharged.

From about the middle of June to the end of August cadets live in camp, engaged only in military duties and receiving practical military instruction. Cadets are allowed but one leave of absence during the four years' course, and this is granted at the expiration of the first two years. The pay of a cadet is $540 per year, and, with proper economy, it is sufficient for his support. The number of students at the academy is usually about 300.

Upon graduating cadets are commissioned as second lieutenants in the United States army. It is virtually absolutely necessary for a person seeking an appointment to apply to his member of Congress. The appointments by the President are usually restricted to sons of officers of the army.

A Pension Equalization Plea.

A Dependent Mother, Tres Piedras, N. M., writes: "My son was a soldier, was wounded in the battle of Shiloh, and died soon after. My neighbor's son was killed a little later. She made application at the time, and has been drawing a pension from the time of his death to the present day. I had four small children, and raised them the best I could. I wearied no one with petitions or requests. About three years ago I decided to make application for a pension. It was granted, to commence January 22, 1881. I ask the question, is there living a man or woman that will say that it is just that my neighbor should live off of the government 21 years, while I was working all that time to live and raise my children? I ask, is it just?"

The case is a hard one from your standpoint, but the fact is that the fault was your own. You were entitled to a pension just as much as your neighbor, and it was your own fault if you did not ask for it. On March 3, 1879, the section of the law which allowed pensions to begin from the date of death or discharge for disability was repealed. If you had applied before that time, you would have received as much as your neighbor. There is no one responsible for your neglect to do this but yourself, according to your own letter. Independently of this, I go on to ask for an agitation of an equalization of pensions law, so that she may be enabled to get her arrears of pensions. We are perfectly satisfied that the present Congress, or the next Congress, either now or in the immediate future, will pass such an act. The annual amount of pensions is increasing at a rapid rate, because there are thousands of soldiers who are now becoming disabled from work, and are appealing for help. It is probable that a dependent pensions bill will be passed eventually—that is, pensioning every soldier who is unable to earn a living, whether his disability is from wounds or sickness while in the service, or not; but there is not the slightest probability that there will be any steps taken to equalize pensions in the way our correspondent desires. There is a slight movement in favor of this in the East, that the pension expenses must not be made too large, lest a popular reaction follow.

Government Notes.

C. C. M., Creston, Iowa: Here is a complete list off all the various kinds of notes issued by the United States government, the dates when authorized and rate of interest thereon:

Notes.	Act.	Rates of Interest.
Treasury notes of 1861	March 2, 1861.	6 per cent.
Demand notes	{ July 17, 1861. / Feb. 12, 1862. }	No interest.
7-30s of 1861	{ July 17, 1861. / March 3, 1863. }	7 3-10 per cent.
Fractional currency	{ March 3, 1863. / June 30, 1864. }	No interest.
1 year notes of 1863	March 3, 1863.	5 per cent.
2 year notes of 1863	March 3, 1863.	5 per cent.
Compound interest notes	{ March 3, 1863. / June 30, 1864. }	6 per cent.
7-30s of 1864	{ June 30, 1864. / March 3, 1865. }	7 3-10 per cent.
5 per cent certificates	{ March 3, 1867. / July 25, 1868. }	3 per cent.
Legal tender certificates	June 8, 1872.	No interest.
Gold certificates	March 3, 1863.	No interest.

The first demand notes were issued in August, 1861, and paid for salaries at Washington. They were received with reluctance, and the merchants and shopkeepers endeavored to discredit them. Railroad corporations refused them in payment of fares and freight, and leading banks in the city of New York refused to receive them except as special deposits. The Secretary of the Treasury and other officers signed a paper agreeing to accept them in payment of salaries. The first notes (greenbacks) were of the date of March 10, 1862, and there was printed on the back the following words: "This note is a legal tender for all debts, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt, and is exchangeable for United States 6 per cent. bonds redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after five years."

Longfellow's "Acadia."

Mrs. G., Henryville, Ind., asks: "Please give a short account of Acadia, the home of Longfellow's 'Evangeline,' its inhabitants and their banishment. Is it authentic history, or is it, as some affirm, a mere legend?"

The story is true. Acadia was the original name of what is now Nova Scotia, which was settled by the French, and was part of the French possessions in America until 1713, when it became the property of England. After this cession, the French Acadians generally remained in Nova Scotia; they refused to take the oath of allegiance, but swore fidelity to the British King. They were exempted from bearing arms against the French, whence they were called the "neutral French." They were allowed to enjoy their own religion, and to have magistrates of their own selection. The French in Cape Breton Island intrigued with the Indians, who thus kept up an irregular warfare with the English. The Acadians were blamed for this, though they were doubtless innocent, as they were a simple agricultural people. In 1755, because of their refusal to swear allegiance or bear arms against the French, and because their peculiar position embarrassed the local English government, they all, some 18,000 in number, were compelled to abandon their homes, their houses and crops were burned, and they were put on board ship in such haste that families and friends were separated. They were taken to various ports in the colonies, from Boston southward. The facts and persons in Longfellow's "Evangeline" are historical. The site of the village of Grand Pre is well known, the cellars of the houses being all that remain.

The "Golden Fleece."

Sadie, Birmingham, Ala.: The Argonautic expedition was one of the most celebrated enterprises of the heroic ages, and one that formed a separation point between the fabulous and the authentic. This expedition was a voyage from Greece to Colchis, in order to obtain a golden fleece which Aetes, king of Colchis, had hung on a sacred oak. The legend, or myth, is that Ino persuaded her husband, Athamas, that his son Phryxos was the cause of a famine which was desolating the land, and Athamas ordered Phryxos to be sacrificed to the angry gods. Phryxos made his escape over the sea on a ram which had a golden fleece. When he arrived at Colchis, he sacrificed the ram to Zeus, and gave the golden fleece to King Aetes, who hung it on a sacred oak. Jason, son of the King of Thessaly, by command of his uncle, undertook a voyage to Colchis in order to obtain this golden fleece, and for this purpose a vessel named the Argo was built. Jason invited the most illustrious heroes of Greece to unite in the expedition, and among those who did so were Castor and Pollux, Hercules and Theseus. The story of the Argonauts is too long to recount here. Grote, in his History of Greece, remarks of this fable: "Not only are we unable to assign the date, or identify the crew, or decipher the log-book of the Argo, but we have no means of settling the preliminary question, whether the voyage be matter of fact badly reported, or legend from the beginning." Bryant considers the whole tale as a tradition of the flood.

Physicians at Indian Agencies.

Doctor, Burlington, Iowa: To be eligible to appointment as the physician at an Indian agency, the applicant ought to have a good general education, must be a regular graduate of some reputable medical college, and be actually engaged in the practice of medicine. He must be between 25 and 45 years of age, temperate, active, industrious, in sound health, and must possess a good personal and professional character. The application for appointment must be made upon blanks provided for the purpose, which will be furnished upon request. A copy of the applicant's diploma and of his license to practice medicine must be filed at the same time. Married men are preferred to those who are single. Attending to private practice or other business outside of the agency is prohibited to the physician, as it leads to frequent complaints, and opens the door for neglect of official duties. He must devote his entire time and professional skill to the Indians and agency employes. The physician should at all times strive to overcome the evil influence of the native "medicine men," to abolish their superstitious rites and barbarous customs, to gain the respect and confidence of the Indians, and to extend his influence among them by kind treatment, exemplary habits, and prompt attention to the cases requiring medical assistance. He should be governed by the highest code of professional conduct.

Mourning Colors.

J. W. M., Brazil, Ind.: Black is by no means the only mourning color. Below is given the various colors so used, with the reasons for the selection:

Black	Expresses privation of light. Worn throughout Europe.
Scarlet	Mourning color occasionally worn by French kings.
Yellow	The sere and yellow leaf. Egypt and Burmah. In Brittany, widows' caps among the peasants are yellow.
Purple and Violet	To express royalty. Mourning for cardinals and kings of France. Violet color for mourning in Turkey.
White	Emblem of "white-handed hope" China.
Deep Blue	Bokhara mourning.
Pale Brown	The withered leaves. Persian.
Grayish Brown	Earth. Ethiopia and Abyssinia.

The Common Potato.

W. L. S., Osage, Minn.: The common, or so-called "Irish" potato, obtained its name of "potato" from *batata*, the Spanish name for the sweet potato, which has been erroneously transferred to a very different plant. The common potato belongs to the genus *solanum*, which contains over 900 described species. The common potato is a native of South America, and grows wild at the present day in Peru, Chili, and elsewhere. It was carried from America to England by Sir Walter Raleigh, from Virginia, in 1586, but it had been introduced into Spain much earlier, from Peru. It is claimed that the first potatoes taken to Europe were sent from Bogota, but the date is unknown. The potato became the principal food of the Irish peasantry, and from this circumstance was called the "Irish" potato, which is an incorrect designation, of course. It was used as food by the South American Indians when America was discovered.

Perfect Rhymes.

W. F. A., Sumner Hill, Ill.: 1. If you were on the Tropic of Cancer on June 21, the sun would rise and set due east and west. For his second question, he asks: "In poetry, if we wish to make the words 'math' and 'hurricane,' 'sea' and 'company,' and 'thee' and 'eternity' rhyme, should we pronounce the words 'hurricane,' 'company' and eternity,' differently from what we should in prose? If so please explain."

The rule is that words must not be mispronounced to make the rhyme. If the words you have don't make a perfect rhyme when you give them proper pronunciation, you must select other words. Thus, the words "Main" and "hurricane" do not make a perfect rhyme, but their use might be allowed; while the other two couples you give can not be used at all.

The Bounty Equalization Veto.

M. K., Bath, N. Y., writes concerning this matter: "The bill was passed by the house and then passed the senate by the tie vote of then Vice President Wilson. I was a reader of the New York *Tribune* at the time, and remember well how that sheet abused Mr. Wilson for his act, which brought out a letter from him defending his course, stating that the entire amount would not exceed $80,000, and asking if the government could afford to repudiate a solemn contract with the 75,000 or 80,000 men whom the act included. It only included those three year men who were honorably discharged for disability before they had expired and had received no bounty when they enlisted, which only included those who enlisted during the first year and a half of the war."

Bloody Battles.

Pensioner, Dayton, O., asks: "In what battles were the most men killed?" When Marius won his victory over the Cimbri and Teutons, at Vercella, in B. C. 101, it is said 200,000 fell. The battle of Leipsic, October 16-19, 1843, between the French and the allied Austrians, Prussians and Russians, was one of the bloodiest ever fought. More than 80,000 men were slain. At Gettysburg, 39,000 were killed and wounded; at Chickamauga, 28,000; at Spottsylvania, 6,220; and in the battles of the Wilderness, 6,788. In the final attack on Kars, during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-8, more than 8,000 men perished. Twenty thousand fell in the attacks on the Shipka Pass, and 30,000 before Plevna.

Missouri Did Not Secede.

A. F., Binghamton, N. Y.: Missouri never passed an ordinance of secession, but the first movement in the state toward secession was made January 16, 1861, when a bill was passed by the senate providing for the assembly of a state convention. This body was organized at Jefferson City, February 28, and reassembled at St. Louis, March 4. Popular feeling in the state was opposed to secession, and the action of the convention as well as the legislature was strongly in favor of the union. It was in the summer of 1863 that the state convention, which, as before stated, had been originally assembled to consider the subject of secession and had been kept in existence by adjournments, passed an ordinance for the emancipation of all of the slaves in the state in 1870.

The Treasury in 1861.

G., Leighton, Iowa, asks: "What was the condition of the United States treasury at the beginning of the rebellion? Also, what was the amount of indebtedness of the United States at that time?"

There was but little money in the treasury when the Lincoln administration came into power. Secretary Cobb, of Georgia, had so managed as to leave as little as possible, and had seriously injured the credit of the nation. For the two previous years the revenues had been less than the expenditures, and our bonds, although bearing 6 per cent interest, sold at a discount of 12 per cent. The total interest-bearing debt on July 1, 1861, was $90,380,874. On July 1, 1860, it was $64,640,838. No monthly debt statement was published at that time, and the only itemized record of the condition of the treasury is the annual report at the end of each fiscal year.

Cheap Traveling in Europe.

Referring to the recent query of Æneas, Delavan, Ill., a lady subscriber at Dayton, O., writes us the following, which certainly marks the limit of cheapness in European travel, so far as our experience goes: "I went over on the steamer State of Nebraska of the State line, going from New York to Glasgow, with six or eight persons in a large state room; the first cabin passage is $35 one way, or $60 for the both ways. Table fare, attendance and everything first-class. On the Inman and Red Star line vessels, three in a room, it is $60 one way, or $110 return. At the temperance hotels (and most of them are good) in England you pay two shillings (50 cents) for a night's lodging, including attendance. Plain breakfast, one shilling (25 cents); with steak, or ham and eggs, 9d. (18 cents) extra. Dinner varies, say from one and a half to four shillings. Prices on the continent are about the same."

A Bounty Query.

R. M. E., Mich., asks: "Will you please inform me whether a soldier who was honorably discharged for disability from the 102d O. V. I., and entitled to bounty from the United States, would be prevented from getting it, on account of having afterwards served in the 163d O. N. G?"

No; why should he? The bounty is due for what he did while serving the United States, and he earned it before his discharge. How could his subsequent service invalidate that claim? If you worked for A, and he owed you $100, would it relieve him of the debt because you went to work for B?

To Obtain Property.

H. H., West Plains, Kan., writes: "Please inform me as to the best and cheapest method of obtaining property that I have fallen heir to in North Wales."

If the property is valuable, go there in person, taking with you all the proofs of your identity and heirship. Go to the United States Consul at Glasgow or at Liverpool, (at whichever you land), and he will direct you to a good solicitor in the place where the property is; go to the latter, and get him to recommend you to a good, safe lawyer. That is the course we should pursue, were we to fall heir to Welsh property.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

D. W. S., Shelbyville, Tenn.: There is but very little to write of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She was born in Wisconsin, and began to write poetry when a school girl. Her poems gradually gained their way, and Ella Wheeler became famous. Her bold handling of themes that are generally passed over in silence in polite society gave her a notoriety sooner than she would otherwise have attained it. Some two or three years ago she married a Mr. Wilcox, of Meriden, Conn., with whom she is said to live very happily.

"No Man's Land."

G. W. K. Neligh: The "neutral strip" or "No Man's Land" was the result of a number of errors in surveys, by acts of Congress fixing boundaries and by a species of general neglect. Outside of the organized Union, it contains 3,057,360 acres, is one hundred and sixty-seven miles long by thirty-four and one-half miles wide. It is sure in due course to be made a part of one of the states.

To Polish Horns.

F. H. H., Pontiac, Ill., asks: "Can you tell me how to polish a pair of cow horns for an ornament in a room?" Scrape them until clean and even, with a piece of glass; then rub with very fine sandpaper; then rub with a bit of felt, dipped in very finely pulverized charcoal and water; finish with rotten-stone or putty powder. Then polish with a piece of soft wash-leather, dampened with a little sweet oil.—Your handwriting is very plain and correct, but boyish.

"Pansy."—Mrs. G. R. Alden.

A. A., Tuscarawas, O.: "Pansy" is Mrs. G. R. Alden. We published a portrait and full biography in the Household of THE BLADE of January 10 last, and can not repeat, except very briefly. She was born in Rochester, N. Y., and is now the wife of a minister. She is a voluminous writer of books for children and the home, the editor of a child's magazine, and is deeply interested in Chautauqua affairs.

Census Matters.

A. M., Manchester, Ky.: 1.—The supervisors of the census have not been appointed, and will not be until next spring. When they are, we shall publish the fact in the Weekly BLADE, under "News of the Week," on the 7th and 8th pages. We wish our readers would remember this fact, and not be repeating this question all the time. 2.—The census enumerators will not have to pass a regular examination, we think, but they will have to show they are competent to perform the duties. Your penmanship and spelling are both very bad, and you would probably be rejected on this account. 3.—All northern states have mixed schools.

Miscellaneous.

F. J. J., Morrison, Colo.: Thanks for your offer, but we do not care to take the room to publish it.

"Reader of THE BLADE:" If you want your question about the Prohibition party answered send your name and address.—See Rule 2.

——, Sandusky, O.: Postmasters are required to return undelivered letters to the writer when his address is on the envelope.

Mrs. G., Oxford, O.: Apply to the Secretary of War, Washington, D. C., for a duplicate copy of your husband's discharge if it has been lost.

M. M., Dowagiac: A label can not be copyrighted; the fee for registering a label is $6; address Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C.

Cutler, ——: If you have money coming to you from the old country you had better employ a lawyer to collect it; you can do so little without legal advice that it would be a waste of time to try it.

Patron, Toledo, O.: We are not familiar enough with the political career of Mayor Grant, of New York, to answer your query. Have the kindness to send your real name with references—not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

A. G., West Unity, O.: The only way to ascertain whether your device for bracing a picket fence has been patented or not, would be to employ a patent attorney to make the necessary search of the records. There are hundreds of patents on fences, and all would have to be examined.

Agent, Frankfort, Ky.: You should have a passport if you go to France; you can get a blank form of application for passport by writing to the secretary of State, Washington, D. C., stating whether you are a native or naturalized citizen; a fraud is worth 10.3 cents in United States currency; better have money changed here.

E. L., Schuyler, Neb., asks: "I adopted a little child a year ago, but find that it is not agreeable to keep her. Can I have the papers cancelled after finding her a good home? If so, how will I go about it?" Go and consult a lawyer. We are not familiar with the laws of your state on the subject, nor should you expect us to be.

B. H. S., Knoxville, Tenn.: A silver quarter of 1806, in perfect condition, not worn, is worth 45 cents. Don't ask us to publish in "next issue." It depends on when we get the letter whether we can or not. The Bureau of this issue embraces all questions received up to Oct. 30, except one or two for which we are obliged to make an extended investigation. The one in next issue will embrace all letters received up to Nov. 6.

THE NEW YORK SUN'S BEAMS.

She Came from a Rib.

This rumpus about woman's rights
Is but the merest tissue,
For woman, like this question which
Has roused her to her highest pitch,
Is only a side issue.

Why God Made Mosquitoes.

Little Charley—I know what God made mosquitoes for.

His Mate—Why?

L. C.—Because the devil dared him to.

At the Butcher's.

Goose to Turkey—Do you know why you resemble a busted combine?

Turkey—No. Why?

Goose—Because you can't gobble any more.

Knew Nothing About Drawing.

Bobby—Will you teach me how to draw, Mr. Pringle?

Pringle—Why, Bobby, I don't know anything about drawing.

Bobby—Why, I heard papa say you were a designing man.

Conditional.

Walter (who has been worrying his mother)—Mamma may I eat one of these cakes?

Mother (sharply)—Yes, if you'll keep your mouth shut.

A Paradox.

Nickleby—That old saw, "Truth lies at the bottom of a well," is very paradoxical, I think.

Squeers—Why so?

Nickleby—How can truth lie at all?

Of Course.

Bible—Well, old friend, why are you so silent?

Dictionary—I'm spell bound.

Credit Still Good.

First Clock—How are you getting along?

Second Clock—Oh, I'm still living on tick.

An Explanation.

First Drum—Did they beat you out of a living?

Second Drum—No; they beat a living out of me.

Not Booming.

First Electric Plant—Are you doing a heavy business?

Second Electric Plant—No, light.

Always Busy.

First Seamstress—How are you getting on?

Second Seamstress—Oh, so so.

BEAUTY
Skin & Scalp
RESTORED
by the
CUTICURA
Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Dull Aches, Pains and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

GEN. JOSEPH HOLT.

A LOYAL SON OF KENTUCKY.

His Services in Buchanan's Cabinet and as Judge Advocate General During the Rebellion—His Great Legal Abilities and His Standing as an Orator.

In a large old house setting high up on a terrace and surrounded by grand old trees, just south of the capitol in Washington, dwells a man who, at one time, occupied a large share of public attention, but who has dropped out of notice for many years, and who is undoubtedly thought to be dead by many who remember his former brilliancy. He must be now nearly eighty and yet he does not show his age. His face is still strong in its intellectual vigor and in its indomitable will; his eyes are still keen and bright and his hair is not white but an iron gray and still abundant. His tall form is bent and he is not firm upon his legs, but his voice is rich and resonant as when he swayed multitudes by his wonderful eloquence and oratory.

The man is Joseph Holt, of Kentucky.

* * *

Nearly half a century ago, Mr. Holt was a lawyer with a reputation that extended all over the South. He was a relentless prosecutor and as an advocate before a jury was the peer of the celebrated S. S. Prentiss. As a political orator he gained great renown for his earnestness and eloquence, and before the war he was commissioner of patents, and also postmaster general.

When Buchanan's secretary of War, Floyd, abandoned his post and went South to join in the rebellion, Mr. Holt was called to the War department, and presided over its affairs until the inauguration of President Lincoln. It was Holt who tried to give the vascillating Buchanan backbone enough to send a ship with provisions and relief to Major Anderson and his little force at Fort Sumter.

It was a surprise to the rebel leaders that Holt remained loyal to the government. They had counted upon his going with them, for he was a Kentuckian and allied to some of the best families in the South. But Holt loved his whole country better than his state or any section of the country, and he gave all his great energies and abilities to the preservation of the union. After he was relieved from the war department by Simon Cameron he traveled through the north and made many patriotic speeches, which aroused the greatest enthusiasm among those who heard them. I remember hearing him speak at the Revere house, in Boston, in 1861, although I did not think then that I should ever become in any way associated with him.

* * *

After the war broke out President Lincoln saw that it was necessary to have as the judge advocate general of the army a man of the very highest legal ability, and he tendered the position to Mr. Holt, who accepted it. Although with the exception of a few very notable cases Judge Holt did not come prominently before the country in the line of his duty, he gave to his office all the resources of his legal knowledge, and the military law of this country to-day is made up of his decisions.

Some of the rules and recommendations became of national importance and created the widest discussion, particularly in the cases of Bowles, Milligan and Horsey tried by military commission for connection with the Northwestern conspiracy; the unearthing of the treasonable organization called the "Sons of Liberty;" the trial of Fitz John Porter, and the trial by military commission of the assassins of President Lincoln.

I was five years in the judge advocate general's office during Judge Holt's administration, and had more or less to do with all these cases, and I am satisfied that the judge was thoroughly conscientious and impartial in his action in every instance. He was a man of the keenest analytical powers, thoroughly equipped in the knowledge of the law and eminently judicial in his temperament. The case of Mr. Lincoln's assassins was the most trying of any that ever came before him. The greatest effort was brought to bear upon him and upon President Johnson to save the life of Mrs. Surratt. The morning of the day of execution two sisters of Herold, the young man who accompanied Booth in his flight, came up to the office early to plead with the judge to interpose in behalf of their brother.

I took them into his private room, and when he arrived, they besought him in the most piteous manner to do something for their brother. He told them that the matter was out of his hands entirely; that the President alone could grant a reprieve, and sent them over to the White House in charge of a messenger. Of course their visit was fruitless, as he knew it would be, but he was kind and tender in his treatment of them, and deeply regretted that he could do nothing in the case.

* * *

It will be remembered that long after this execution, when Andrew Johnson went back to the Senate, he made a savage attack upon Judge Holt, accusing him of withholding the recommendation to mercy made by the court in the case of Mrs. Surratt. The charge was wholly false and unjust, and the judge so established it by the most complete testimony of those who had anything to do with the record of the case in his office. Personally, I know that the charge was untrue, for when I recorded the report of Judge Holt, I saw the recommendation to mercy, and know that it was in its proper place in the record when the papers were sent to the War department. The judge's reply to Johnson's accusation was a very severe arraignment of the ex-president for his endeavor to shift the responsibility of the execution upon the shoulders of a subordinate, and it effectually settled what had been considered, among many whom Johnson catered to, a mooted question.

Judge Holt, when he reached the legal age, was retired from active service in the army, and has since lived in his large, roomy house, all alone, save the attendance of some devoted servants. He takes pleasure in his books and visits but few friends. He takes a deep interest in politics, however, and is a Republican of the most stalwart character.

* * *

Some years ago he emerged from his privacy to write a couple of very stinging letters to the late Jacob Thompson in regard to the latter's course while acting as the rebel agent in Canada during the war. These letters were published in the *National Republican*, and as I was the city editor of that paper, I wanted to put up some editorial headlines on them. The old judge, who had come down to read the proof himself, begged that I would not and said that he wanted to be perfectly dignified. "If Mr. Thompson says anything further," he added, "we may have to dip the pen in gall and teach him what a miscreant he has been; but we won't do it now."

Judge Holt was intense in his loyalty, and intense in his hatred of those who went into the rebellion as leaders. I think his devotion to the Union cost him the friendship of most of his relatives and those of his wife. The late Senator Yulee was his brother-in-law, and I am told that Judge Holt refused to speak to Mrs. Barrows after the latter joined the alleged confederacy.

Shortly before I left Washington, Col. Barr, the military secretary of Secretary of War Proctor, was telling me of a visit that Judge Holt made to the War department to pay his respects to the new secretary. "I felt really uncomfortable," said the colonel, who is proud to be a member of the judge advocate's corps, and who received his early training in military law under Judge Holt's personal supervision to see a man of his commanding talents modestly waiting with the ordinary crowd that came to see the secretary, and I took him in myself and presented him. The secretary received him with marked consideration and spoke of the great service he had rendered to the country in former days."

* * *

The late James T. Brady, of New York, himself a famous orator, said that Judge Holt was the finest orator that this country had produced. He had a noble presence, a full, rich, sonorous voice, an impressive manner, and a wonderful command of language. Perhaps his most notable oration was that delivered at Fort Sumter at the rehabilitation of the United States flag there on the 14th of April, 1865, the very day on the night of which President Lincoln was assassinated. But some of his official reports were full of the most lofty ideas and eloquent sentences.

I sincerely trust that during his years of retirement Judge Holt has either been engaged in writing an autobiography, or has been so arranging his papers that some one may place his biography before the youth of the land as an example of stern and unflinching patriotism, of indomitable energy and will, and of lofty purpose which they will do well to imitate.

F. T. H.

If You Have

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, SCROFULA, COUGH or COLD, THROAT AFFECTION, WASTING of FLESH,

Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerve Power, you can be relieved and Cured by

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF
PURE COD LIVER OIL
With Hypophosphites.
PALATABLE AS MILK.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Sold by all Druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

HAIR DRESSING STYLES.

The Latest Fashionable Modes of Arranging Ladies' Curls.

Hair is dressed high or low this winter, according to the caprice of the individual woman. The basket plaits often seen below walking hats on the streets, pinned round and round to preserve the shape of the head, are popular and convenient for the promenade, but most women find them too severe for house or evening wear.

THE CATOGAN BRAID.

Indeed, they are more apt than any other variety of chevalure to belong to an artificial scalp, and to be fastened on and taken off with the wrap and veil. The Greek knot appears both day and evening, while L'Empire, Recamier and Directoire styles go with dresses of corresponding modes. Rows of flat curls, like the old-time Montagues, are worn on the forehead with the new Spanish coiffures, but these plastered lovelocks are likely to be less popular than bunches of soft, loose curls about the temples, dropping down toward the ears in another and prettier old fash-

THREE NOVEL STYLES.

ion. A majority of the styles are based on classic models and picturesque ideals, and loosely curled flowing hair tied back with a ribbon and ornamented with a single flower is much in vogue. Occasionally some eccentric young woman gathers her hair into a curly brush, which stands on the top of her head, rising straight in air.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

What It Will Do, According to Republican Members.

The New York *Tribune's* Washington correspondent addressed to each Republican member of the Fifty-first Congress a letter, to whom were appended these inquiries:

1. Do you favor a revision of the tariff on the lines adopted by the Senate at its last session?

2. To what extent would you modify the internal revenue laws?

3. Do you favor national control of Congressional elections?

4. Do you favor liberal appropriations for ocean mail service, looking to a revival of the American merchant marine?

5. Will you indicate your first and second choice for speaker of the House?

Thus far replies more or less definite have been received from 93 out of the Republican membership of 169.

The first question, which relates to the tariff, was answered in the affirmative by 86 representatives, in the negative by 3, 3 gave no answer, and 1 declined to commit himself. A good many of the affirmative answers were qualified. Some favor higher rates of duty on certain articles—wool, tin plates, etc.—while others favor a greater reduction or the repeal of the duties on sugar. Two of the negative answers were also qualified. Mr. Coleman, of Louisiana, opposes the proposed reduction of 50 per cent on sugar, and another representative favors only a partial revision at the coming session.

In respect to the internal revenue laws there seems to be a wide diversity of opinion as to what should be done, although 77 favor repeal or some modification of the laws, while 7 oppose any change; 8 declined to commit themselves, and 1 gave no answer.

To the third question the number of replies in the affirmative was 75; in the negative, 4; non-committal, 14. Several who favor national control of Congressional elections express grave doubts as to the effectiveness of any legislation by congress to that end, and the same view controls the opinions of three of the four men who replied in the negative.

To Revive the Merchant Marine.

Only one negative reply was received to the fourth question, relating to liberal appropriations for the foreign mail service, with a view to the restoration of the American flag to the ocean, and that one was qualified as follows: "Not in the form in which it was presented in the 50th congress." Two failed to answer the question; seven were not ready to express an opinion as to the means to accomplish the desired result, which all of them favor, and 83 responded unconditionally in the affirmative.

The Speakership.

To the fifth question 71 replies were received, 22 representatives declining to commit themselves. Of the 71, Mr. Reed, of Maine, is the first choice of 25 and the second choice of 12; Major McKinley, of Ohio, is the first choice of 19 and the second choice of 9; Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, is the first choice of 12 and the second choice of 3; Colonel Henderson, of Iowa, is the first choice of 7; Mr. Burrows, of Michigan, is the first choice of 6; and the second choice of 2; Mr. Perkins, of Kansas, is the first choice of 1—who, however, has declared within the past two or three days for Mr. Cannon—and 1 favors a "Western man," without a more specific statement. It goes without saying that on the first ballot, at least, each of the candidates will receive the solid Republican vote of his own state. Maine will give Mr. Reed 3 votes; Ohio will give Major McKinley 15; Illinois will give Mr. Cannon 12; Iowa will give Colonel Henderson 9; Michigan will give Mr. Burrows 5. It may be interesting to know that according to the foregoing summary Mr. Reed has 22 votes outside Maine, scattered among ten states, and that Major McKinley has eight votes outside Ohio, scattered among four states.

Ohio Congressmen's Views.

Extracts from several of the letters received are given, and among them the following from Ohio representatives:

Col. Wickham—I have not answered your second question, because the extent to which I would modify the internal revenue laws would depend upon circumstances. If necessary to save the protective features of the tariff, I would favor their entire repeal. If necessary to realize sufficient revenue to carry on the government and also pay liberal pensions to the soldiers of the war of the rebellion, I would not modify them. As at present advised, however, I would favor the removal of the tax on tobacco, believing that we should still have sufficient revenue for the purpose suggested.

Captain Morey—I believe that the freedom of elections should be wholly unrestrained, except by such wholesome laws and regulations as are necessary for the purity of the ballot; that every voter ought to be counted as he votes as he wishes, and that his vote ought to be counted as he cast it. I believe this condition of the suffrage does not exist in all the states, and I would therefore favor National control of Congressional elections. I am in favor of liberal appropriations for ocean mail service, looking to a revival of the American merchant marine.

J. D. Taylor—I am in favor of a revenue revision more to increase than to decrease duties. Wool, tin plate and some other articles ought to have a higher duty than provided in the Senate bill. In my judgment the time has come to grant service pensions to soldiers, and I would keep enough internal revenue for this purpose. I am in favor of building up our merchant marine by subsidies and by every other means. American mails and American products ought to be carried in American ships. I am strongly in favor of this. In Ohio we have no second choice for speaker—we are all for McKinley.

Gen. Grosvenor—I am in favor of the early passage of the issue of a tariff revision bill substantially like that passed by the Senate at the last session. The experience of nearly a year may suggest some modifications, but the whole line of that bill was, in my judgment, the right thing. I would repeal the tobacco tax, especially the tax on alcohol used in the arts, and if we can devise a system by which fraud will not grow up, I would vote to repeal that on fruit brandy. As to your third question, "Do you favor National control of Congressional elections?" I answer most emphatically I do. The power is in Congress and to fail to exercise it would be to let go a remedy for existing evils in the South which, in my judgment, would be unwise and cowardly.

The Force of Habit.

On the day before the execution the keeper informs the doomed man that a visitor wishes to see him.

"Do you know who he is?" asks the doomed man.

"No."

"Well, just ask him if he wants to collect a bill, and if he does tell him to call day after to-morrow."—*Texas Siftings.*

The First Requisite Lacking.

Johnnie (looking admiringly at his own copy-book)—"That's better writing than you can do to save your life."

Willie (examining it with pitying eye)—"Yes, it's pretty good penmanship. You sign your name very well. I'm sorry for you, Johnnie, but you'll never be a great man."—[Chicago Tribune.

Conclusive Evidence.

Dr. Fixupe—A fish diet without doubt increases a man's brain power.

Mr. Brady—That is very true, doctor; and I have noticed that when a man catches the fish himself the effect is more pronounced. His imaginative power increases so rapidly then that you can almost hear it grow.—[Drake's Magazine.

One Way of Looking At It.

Matron—I suppose you find your husband as selfish as most men.

Bride—No, indeed. I often heard that a man gobbled up all the nice things on the table, but I must say that my husband leaves nearly all the pies I make for me to eat myself. He's dreadfully kind to me.—*Epoch.*

Poor Diet.

"What do you live on down here, anyway?" asked a hungry northerner in Florida, the other day.

"Waal," drawled the Floridan, "in the summer we live on fish and yams, and in the winter we live on sick Yankees."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Catastrophe.

"Ah, me," sighed the aged and respectable Angora, as she saw one of her kittens carried off by a restaurant keeper, "ahme! To think that a child of mine should become a *pousse café!* It is too much, too much!"—[Life.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Ind

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1889.

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ROBINSON LOCKE,.....Editor.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 106,000.

THE BLADE COOK STOVE.

Since the publication of our advertisement of the Blade cook-stove, we have been inundated with letters asking additional information. The stove is a No 8—the ordinary family size. The cut gives a good idea of its appearance. Such a stove usually retails at from $16 to $20. This is a *good* stove, well made, of good material and latest design; very convenient in all its parts; handsomely finished; burns wood or coal. No one need be afraid to order for fear the stove is but a catchpenny affair; THE BLADE can not afford to send out an article not as good as represented. It is as good a stove, in all respects, as you can buy anywhere at retail, for 50 per cent more than we ask for it.

Quite a number have written to ask for a No. 9, a size larger than the above stove. We have arranged to do this: We will give a No 9 stove with THE BLADE one year for $16; or the stove free for 30 yearly subscribers and $30.

The No. 8 stove takes about 16-inch wood; the No. 9, 18-inch wood. No. 8 has an 18-inch oven; No. 9, a 20-inch oven. We furnish no cooking utensils nor pipe with the stove. We will supply a hot-water reservoir for either No. 8 or No. 9 for $5 *additional*. It is on the rear of the stove, directly under the shelf shown in the illustration. For $3 additional we will furnish a tin warming-closet for either sized stove.

Parties ordering stoves should be particular to state whether they wish to use wood or coal, as we send the grates for either, but not for both. If the fuel is not named, we always send a coal burner. Of course, wood can be burned in it, but it is better to have the wood-grate in. If ordered afterward, it will cost 75 cents and the freight.

Don't hesitate to accept our cook-stove offer. You will find it all we have represented it to be.

THE ST. UGGLE IN CONGRESS.

Congressman DINGLEY's paper, the Lewiston (Me.) *Journal*, outlines the great struggle that may be expected early in the next House. It does not think there will be any attempt to prevent the election of a Republican speaker, but believes that the Democrats will begin to filibuster when the new committee on Rules will present its report providing such changes in the present rules as will bring a check upon the multiplication of dilatory motions. It says:

The Democratic leaders will oppose the report, and demand a long time for debate. The Republican majority will grant a reasonable time—perhaps ten days—for discussion and propositions for amendments. When the time comes that the Republicans demand a vote, and in order to bring the House to a vote move the previous question, the Democrats, under the lead of such men as Oates (or Carlisle will drop out of sight) when revolutionary proceedings are inaugurated) will first attempt to interpose dilatory motions—such as to adjourn and fix the time of adjournment, repeated in various forms—and a few such motions will be entertained by the Speaker.

Presently, when the House and the country clearly see that the object of such motions is to prevent a vote on the proposition to adopt the rule, the speaker, or a majority of the Republicans on the floor, will rule, in conformity with speaker Blaine's and Speaker Keifer's decisions, that as under the constitution a majority of the House have the right to establish rules for the transaction of business, motions of a dilatory character calculated to defeat that constitutional right are out of order.

When will come such a scene as the House has rarely witnessed, in which an appeal will be taken from the decision of the chair, and a hot debate on the ruling (which the Speaker can close when he pleases) will follow. This will end in the Republican majority sustaining the decision of the chair, whereupon the speaker will direct the calling of the roll on the motion for the previous question, which (if carried) brings the House to a vote on the proposition under consideration. Promptly at the command of Oates or Mills every Democratic member will refuse to vote, and it will require the presence of a quorum of Republican members (166) out of the whole number of 169 to ensure the proposition. This ugly rush is always hard to obtain, but it must be had to head off the obstruction plan of Oates, Mills and Breckinridge.

"TEETOTALLER DICK."

Read the announcement elsewhere on this page of Col. KNOX's new story, and then do us the favor to sit down and send us the names and postoffice addresses of your friends and neighbors, not subscribers to THE BLADE, whom you think would like to read the story, or to have their girls and boys read it. You can easily get ten names and addresses on a postal card. Please do it at once, so that we may send them sample copies of THE BLADE, containing the announcement, immediately.

A POINT for the free trade advocates to consider is a comparison that has recently been made in the London *Economist* of the change in prices at different periods since January, 1860. The article which then cost $100 would have cost on the 1st of October this year only $82 80; on the 1st of July, $80.34; on the 1st of January, $81 24; on the 1st of October, 1888, only $79 16, and on the 1st of July, 1888, only $78 79. These figures show a decline of about 20 per cent since 1860, but a recent and considerable advance. Now, the cheapening in prices in this country during the same period has been considerably greater than in England, for it is ascertained that $100 would have purchased in 1860 the same quantities of the same articles that $77.62 would have bought on October 1, making, during the thirty years, a cheapening in prices here of 23 per cent, against only 17.2 per cent in England. England has been under free trade during all this time, while we have had a protective tariff, and yet the progress of science, invention and transportation have cheapened products in this country nearly 6 per cent more than in Great Britain.

AMERICAN ingenuity and skill in adopting mechanical means to desired ends, is paid an unconscious but strong tribute by the *Iron and Steel Trade Journal* of London, England. It says:

It is a remarkable fact that in the manufacture of different kinds of machinery the Americans can beat us in price. Wages in the United States are about 50 per cent higher than in this country; materials are from 25 to 50 per cent dearer; yet the finished machinery can be put on the market cheaper. It is true that the Americans cannot send out machines to neutral markets any cheaper than is done by our manufacturers, but it is surprising that they can at least meet us in price.

The fact is not at all surprising. It is due to the superior methods in practice in the shops of this country, and the more complete substitution of machinery for hand power at every step of the process.

THE scheme for a salt trust in this country failed. The salt trust in free trade England is flourishing. Will our free trade friends explain how this state of things accords with their assertion that the tariff is "the parent of trusts?"

THE Democratic majority in the last Congress "did nothing and did it very well," in true Bourbon fashion. The Republican majority in the next will do something, and earn the gratitude of the people thereby, which is the Republican way.

SOME QUESTIONS OF A THIRD-PARTY MAN ANSWERED.

It is one part of the mission of THE BLADE to impart information to its readers; and it embraces the present opportunity to discuss the question of the best method of reaching Prohibition, with a reader who writes as follows after the perusal of a sample copy. He says he likes THE BLADE's contents, but he objects to its position on Prohibition. Then he evinces a thirst for knowledge, and propounds the following queries, which he seems to think are posers:

(1.) How is Prohibition to be brought into active force, if not by the Prohibition party?

(2.) You seem to think the Prohibition party aims at nothing but the overthrow of the dear old Republican party, as it gets all its voters from that one party. Does not the Prohibition party draw from the Democrats fully as much as the Republicans?

(3) Do you really believe the state of Ohio will ever get Prohibition through either of the two parties?

(4) Is it not a fact that the Republican party to-day are so controlled by the saloon element that they dare not do anything on that line for fear of being swamped?

I like the temperance sentiment of your paper, but on that one point we differ, and I think you had better just make them a little stronger and go in with the party that dares to give Prohibition straight when put into power. Oh! but you say the Prohibition party never has given us any laws or never enforced any. (5) How can it, until it gets control?

We have inserted figures in the above extract to number the questions he propounds. Every point has been discussed at length in our columns, but we have no objection to briefly reviewing them again for the benefit of new readers and others.

The very first question assumes what is not true—that nothing can be done without a political party to advocate it. In reply, we point to the Prohibition states—to Maine, to Iowa, to Kansas, to South Dakota and to North Dakota, and to the Southern states which have the greater portion of their area under Prohibition through local option, as examples of what has been done in this line without a separate political Prohibition party. No intelligent man needs any further reply. It is thoroughly convincing. When the majority of the people of a state are educated up to a clear understanding of the question, and in favor of Prohibition, you may be sure it will come, and that, too, without a separate party. Hence THE BLADE is persistently urging the need of educational work, instead of useless efforts to build up a separate party—useless, because the task is hopeless, as we have proved in previous issues.

To his second question we reply that the bulk of the third party came originally from the Republican party. It did not draw one-fifth of its strength from the Democracy. It hardly exists in the South at all.

Passing on to his third question, we certainly believe that the state of Ohio will have Prohibition eventually, and we most emphatically do believe that it will be without a separate party, the same as Iowa and Kansas and other states adopted Prohibition. There is a strong Prohibition sentiment in Ohio, especially in the country, but it is not a third party sentiment. In October, 1883, the vote for the Prohibitory amendment was about 48 per cent of the total vote of the state. At the election in November of last year, the third party vote was less than 3 per cent of the total vote! The ratio of the third party voters to the non-partisan Prohibitionists is something like one in fifteen—for every one who thinks a separate party indispensable, there are fourteen who do not! Nor is the third party vote growing its increase does not keep up with the increase in the voting population! Hence the effort to create a dominant third party in Ohio is doomed to failure.

In his fourth question, our correspondent make the blunder of assuming that because a party does not declare specifically in favor of a principle, that therefore the party as a whole is inimical to that principle. If he will drop his prejudices and look at the matter impartially, he will see his error. It will not do to assume that a political party is, like one person, guided by a single will. It is merely an aggregate of voters, who hold to the same views on certain political topics. Its platform is simply the statement of the views held by the party. It does not follow that because the platform does not declare in favor of turnpikes, that the party is opposed to good roads. Because it does not denounce the social evil, it is not to be assumed that the party is committed to the support of houses of infame. Because the Ohio Republican platform does not declare in favor of Prohibition, it is not to be assumed that the party is hostile to it. It simply means that the question is not recognized as a political one, and that the membership of the party is not of one mind on the matter.

Our correspondent assumes that Prohibition is a political question, and that a party platform must necessarily define the position of that party toward it. It is not a political question, nor has it ever been such in Ohio. The question of the regulation of the liquor traffic was made political in the campaign of 1883 and 1885, and has remained such, to some degree, ever since—though the hostility of the Democracy to regulation is passing away, and when this occurs that question will pass out of politics in Ohio. But the question of saloon regulation is not the question of Prohibition, nor is there any connection between them. To say that the Republican party "is controlled by the saloon element" is simply to talk nonsense. Look about you; take the first dozen Republicans whom you know that you meet on the street, and ask yourself honestly the question as to each, "Is he a man to subordinate his opinions and acts to the behests of the saloon?" Our correspondent should rise above such biased and unfair generalizations. If he would open his eyes to the one fact that fourteen out of fifteen friends of Prohibition in Ohio do not recognize Prohibition as a political question, do not want it made such because it will do more harm than good, he will be able to take a much fairer view of the situation.

In his sixth and last question, one friend admits that the third party has never accomplished any legislation in favor of Prohibition, and asks: "How can it, till it gets control?" It cannot, but why does not the third party get control? It has lived longer than the Republican party had when the latter gained full control of the national government, yet it has never carried one Congressional district. The reason is, that the mass of the friends of Prohibition will not abandon their political affiliations to join a political Prohibition party. They take a proper interest in the political issues that divide the people, and do not desire that Prohibition shall be made a political question. And they can not be compelled, willy-nilly, to join the third party. Hence, it is the part of wisdom, it seems to us, to work on a line that will meet their approval and their assistance, instead of antagonizing them by bitter abuse of the political party in which they believe.

As for THE BLADE, our correspondent will find us always with the mass of the friends of Prohibition; and, as we have said above, and shown to be true by statistics in former issues, fourteen out of fifteen want the Prohibition question kept out of politics. We believe in the political principles advocated by the Republican party; we believe in Prohibition, which is not a political question; and we act up to our sincere belief in both cases, by giving our earnest advocacy to both. We lament that men like our correspondent, who is probably a sincere believer in Prohibition, waste effort in abusing other men who do not agree with them in methods, instead of devoting those efforts to the work of convincing men of the need and the efficacy of Prohibition.

What is needed is education. The people require waking up on this question—not by abuse, not by arousing political prejudice, but by leading them to examine the Rum question from moral and economic standpoints. There is really no more politics in this than in the education of children to read and write, and it is folly to try to draw the political line on it. There is not the slightest use in adopting Prohibition legislation before the people are educated up to it. The experience of Rhode Island shows that clearly. And especially should this work be pushed in the cities, which are the strongholds of the saloon. When the people are brought to see the enormity of the evils entailed upon the state from the Rum traffic, and that there is no real remedy for them save Prohibition, there will be no need of a separate party to crush the saloon and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

The articles we offer in connection with the Weekly BLADE are each and every one good for holiday presents. They are all useful, and in price come within the reach of all.

And a year's subscription to the Weekly BLADE itself is as appropriate a present as one person can give to another. It is not costly, but it is very valuable; it is a Christmas or New Year's gift that would be appreciated by a recipient of either sex, young or old. And of the other articles referred to,

THE BLADE TEA SET is as suitable a gift as you can make to a housekeeper—a husband to a wife, children to a mother, a brother to a sister, or any one to a lady friend. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" and it is not only beautiful, but useful. It has already been described fully in THE BLADE.

THE CHAMBER SET comes next, and it is in all respects worthy of the same commendations as the tea set, given above. Read the description given in recent issues of this paper, on page 5, and see for yourself.

THE BLADE COOK STOVE makes a most excellent present—one of the most acceptable you can give a housekeeper. It is a husband desires to gladden his wife's heart, this is the gift to make. Read the description of it in this or last week's BLADE.

THE TRENTON WATCH is a very timely gift for your boy at the holidays. It is an excellent time-keeper, is durable, cheap, and nothing will please him better.

"HEALTH AND BEAUTY" and "SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," those two very valuable books by Miss BOUTON, are extremely appropriate gifts for girls. Parents can present nothing that will be more highly appreciated to their daughters, brothers to their sisters (or to somebody else's sister), than either or both these volumes. See "Good Books," on fifth page.

"NASBY IN EXILE" is just the thing for the young people to present to father, and it makes a splendid gift for any one. This beautiful volume formerly cost $3.50, but it is now sold at the very low price of $1.25. We have only enumerated those three books here that we think specially adapted for holiday presents, though we have others that will suit many persons. See "Good Books" on fifth page.

OUR PICTURES.—Lastly, our five 25-cent engravings are just the thing for presents—Millet's "Angelus," Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," Munkacsy's "Christ Before Pilate," and "Christ on Calvary," and Hoffman's "Christ in the Temple." They all are elegant engravings for framing, and make appropriate holiday gifts for any one.

Be quick, however. If you contemplate ordering the tea set, or a stove, send in your order early—at least two weeks before Christmas—because we have to send the order to the manufacturers, which takes time; besides, they are shipped by freight, which goes much more slowly than by express. Watches, books and pictures, however, are sent direct from this office, and always by return mail, hence there is not so much need of haste. The same remark applies to subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE. However, order early, for the mails are burdened just before Christmas with packages, and delays often occur.

TALMAGE'S TRIP.

Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE started on October 30 on his trip to the Holy Land. Hence the publication of his sermons will necessarily cease with the farewell one given in this issue, until his return in January, when he will resume them; and they will doubtless contain much interesting material, gathered during his tour among the sites and scenes hallowed by the Savior's presence during his earthly life.

CHAS. T. FOSTER POST No. 42, G. A. R., of Lansing, Mich., has adopted a series of resolutions repudiating the declaration of Farnham Post No. 458, Department of New York, as unworthy of the Grand Army of the Republic, and fraternally calls upon all members of the organization to braid their declarations as insulting and disgraceful.

A resolution was also passed expressing the belief that Senator INGALLS, of Kansas, is loyal to the core, and commending him for his good work already done for our country, and for the veterans of the war, and "we feel deeply humiliated that he should be attacked by a branch of our organization, which is apparently trying to cater to our enemies, at the expense of their comrades, who were, at least, their peers on the field of battle, and are, in times of peace, their peers in social life."

Senator INGALLS's record in behalf of the ex-Union soldiers is too clear to be injured by a set of resolutions, even from the Empire State. And the indignation expressed by the Michigan veterans is felt by the vast majority of their comrades throughout the country.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

With Mr. D. R. LOCKE's splendid story, "The Demagogue," now running; with Prof. EBERS's Biblical story of "Joshua," just begun; and with Mr. KNOX's "Teetotaller Dick" in anticipation, not one subscriber whose time expires this fall should fail to renew. At the low price of only a dollar for so good a paper as THE BLADE, it is a sin to let it stop. On the contrary every one should not only renew his subscription, but should send one or more new subscribers at the same time.

THE N. Y. WORLD has printed an alleged account of the circumstances under which Mr. BLAINE's Florence letter declining to be a presidential candidate was written. It is asserted that the new secretary of State was then suffering from a paralytic stroke and that he was advised by his physician that a campaign would have killed him. That doctor, however, says that Mr. BLAINE is a well man and that he ought to try for the presidency once more. Whether the story is true or not, the purpose of the article is evidently to create trouble between President HARRISON and his prime minister. It will not work. They understand each other too well.

THE average salary of the 54,874 fourth-class postmasters in the United States is only $153. There are less than 6,000 who have $500 or more a year, and the average salary of the remaining 48,800 is only $90. These are very petty offices to be made the occasion of so much political disturbance, and any really workable plan which should take them all out of politics and fill them acceptably would be a boon to the people.

CONGRESS will probably settle the question as to the location of the World's Fair of 1892 early in the session—likely in January. We're betting that Chicago is the winner.

RAISE CLUBS!

We are now prepared to offer greater inducements to persons raising clubs than ever before. We not only offer greater inducements than we have ever previously, but one that has a good deal of money for those who will get up clubs. Read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch*.

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china tea set.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The tea set, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

But better than any of the above is our *cash payment* for a club, as set forth in confidential printed instructions which we mail to any one on application. This offers the largest price ever paid for clubs by any paper in the world, either this year or in years gone by.

We want *thousands* of persons to undertake the work of raising clubs for THE BLADE during this month, November, December and January. It will pay any one to write for our terms.

As an aid in raising clubs, if you will send a list of persons who do not take THE BLADE, we will mail each one a sample copy of the paper containing the first installment of Mr. KNOX's new story, announced elsewhere. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

MONUMENTS TO GREAT SOLDIERS.

A former Ohio reader, now in the West—he is a good Republican, and a good citizen—writes THE BLADE as follows:

Will you not "speak out in meeting" against this continual nonsense about monuments to the big guns of the war? This thing of giving money for monuments to Grant, and Logan, and others, is an infernal fraud. They were grand men; but they never made any sacrifices in becoming soldiers. Everything they ever did we paid them for, then and since, twice over, and more. The sacrifices were made by the private soldiers and subordinate officers; and it is these men (who never got the piles of gold and honors that the "big guns" got) who are asked, now, to give the money for monuments. I honor Grant and Logan—and forget their faults; but not one red cent will I ever give to erect a monument to either. Hundreds and thousands of comrades are to-day in want, and thousands have died in want. The "big guns," from the moment they entered the service until they died, fairly reveled in riches. "Monuments," indeed—while union soldiers, to-day, often lack bread and clothing!

We do not agree with our friend in his strictures on the great generals of the war. We go with him in a cordial recognition of the services of the privates, and desire to see every one who honorably wore the blue, and is in need, suitably cared for. But we think he underrates the services of the leaders he mentions. An army is valueless if it have not a competent head. It is a mistake to assume that there were plenty of others who could have planned and conducted the campaigns that brought final victory to the Union arms. The curse of incompetent leadership was plainly seen in the earlier part of the war, in bloody battles without resulting advantage, and in a practical failure to make any real advance in the subjugation of the rebellion. The testimony of history is that great generals, like poets, are born, not made. The qualities which go to make up the truly great military leader are rarely found, and when they are the world always rewards their possessor lavishly. GRANT and LOGAN, and others undoubtedly had their failings; they would not have been human had they not. But whatever their imperfections, the great mass of the people pardoned them for the sake of their merits and their services, and it is in worst possible taste to refer to them as our correspondent has done. He should revise his opinions on the points covered by his letter. He will neither be able to reverse the verdict of history on the great leaders of the war, nor to change the feelings of the American people towards them.

SOME of the Democratic brethren of the press are worrying much over the removal of GEORGE W. JULIAN from the office of survey or general of New Mexico. His early connection with the Free Soil and Republican parties is mentioned feelingly, and the endeavor is made to create sympathy for Mr. JULIAN because of these antecedents. Since 1872 Mr. JULIAN has been a bitter opponent of the Republican party. For seventeen years, in pamphlets, in magazines and by public addresses he has denounced the men and measures identified with Republican policy. His nomination for the place he has held was a purely partisan reward, and was politics of the unadulterated Jacksonian, Democratic "spoils" standard. There is no occasion for any Republican to waste sympathy for this gentleman.

HOW EASY IT IS!

We have always insisted that it is perfectly easy for any person of energy to raise a club for THE BLADE within two days; and the following letter is certainly proof positive that such is the case:

NORTH WEBSTER, Ind., Nov. 1.—EDITOR BLADE:—In reply to yours, expressing a desire to know how long it took me to raise a club of 25 subscribers for THE BLADE, will say that I secured them during the time I was collecting delinquent taxes, and I secured the names by casually speaking of the fact that I was making up a club for the Toledo BLADE—"the best and cheapest family paper published." I think any influential person can secure 20 or more names in two days. Everybody knows it, and this is the season of the year to raise a club. Yours respectfully, SCOTT D. JUNKIN.

This should be encouraging to those of our friends who would like a Blade cook-stove, or one tea set, as a premium, but hesitate because they are afraid they cannot succeed in getting up a club. Go right to work! You can do it, if you are in earnest. Read what a club-raiser, who obtained a cook-stove, says of it;

TOPEKA, KAN., Oct. 28.—EDITOR BLADE:—The stove has arrived, and it is good. It is all that any one could ask for. It is a good baker, a good heater, and quick to heat.

CHARLES QUINCHER.

And here are the opinions of two persons who took the tea-set as a premium for their clubs:

CHARLOTTE, Oct. 30.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received the tea-set all in good order, and think it just fine. It is all that is recommended to be. I have showed it to several of my neighbors, and they think it just splendid. I have sent you one order for a neighbor, and others are talking of taking THE BLADE as soon as they can get the money. Very truly yours,

P. R. JOHNSON.

VOLANT, Pa., Oct. 28.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received the dishes safe and sound all right. I am very well pleased. I think the ware the very best that is made—beautiful in every way.

MRS. B. A. HOYE.

THE true animus of the third-party zealot is seen in the present campaign in Iowa. The Democrats of that state are making a crusade against Prohibition, and their success might lead to a repeal of that provision of the state constitution. With such an issue, it is plain that every man in Iowa who favors Prohibition should cast his vote for the Republican ticket; yet the third-party howlers are abusing the latter party, and urging the support of their own ticket—and of course playing into the hands of the Democrats.

THE Chicago *Journal* says: "It is time to break the record and elect a Western Congressman Speaker." All right; what's the matter with McKINLEY?

THE Prince of WALES's health must indeed be in a precarious state when the English newspapers are requested not to mention it.

CURTIS TAKEN TO TASK.

The arraignment of President HARRISON by Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, in his annual address before the National Civil Service Reform association, does not seem to meet with the favor expected among the followers of Mr. CURTIS, and aside from the criticism he has provoked in newspapers especially devoted to civil service reform, protests against his statements are found in journals carried on for the express purpose of advocating that reform. Perhaps the most noticeable of the latter class is the *Civil Service Chronicle*, of Indianapolis, which thus refers to Mr. CURTIS's address;

It seems to understate the value of certain acts of President Harrison, and the effect is to leave the present administration without any credit regarding civil service reform. We cannot concur in this general conclusion. For instance, the appointment of the present Civil Service commission was an act of tremendous importance, and displayed not only a purpose to have the law enforced, but entire knowledge of the way to go about it. The Civil Service commission is the backbone of the merit system so far as that system has been applied to the civil service. The appointment of the present commission, and especially of Mr. Roosevelt, has given that system an exceedingly rigid backbone. The effect is seen on all hands, as, for instance, in the Indianapolis postoffice. We have now what has always been needed, a commission that cannot be cowed by the threats of Congressmen, whose hurts and outcries are the best evidence of its efficiency. The recent outbreaks against the law are collective proofs that a new and serious barrier to working in henchmen in spite of the law has been encountered. The appointment here and there of the head of an office who earnestly favors the merit system cannot be compared in importance to the selection of an 'admirable civil service commission.' The one affects but one office, the other all the offices in the classified service, and acts both as a prod and as a break upon the President himself.

The *Chronicle* also pays its respects to President ELIOT, whom it accuses of "partisan idolatry," and commenting on his speech, wherein he compared the Cleveland and Harrison administrations, lauding the former and condemning the latter, it says: "A man who talks like that in the face of the repeatedly published and undisputed facts, is not to be reasoned with."

TO ALL GOOD TEMPLARS.

Your Order is devoted to the battle against the Rum Power, and is one of the great agencies through which the redemption of the land from its tyranny must come. Every one of you no doubt realizes that the watchword of progress in the temperance cause is Education! We must educate, *educate*, EDUCATE the people into a right understanding of the temperance problem; to realize that Rum is a poison; to recognize the traffic therein as the giant evil of our age and generation.

We ask you to read elsewhere our announcement of "Teetotaller Dick," our new temperance story, written expressly for THE BLADE by Col. KNOX. Having done so, we know that you will be glad to aid us in extending the circulation of this story among the people. We ask the proper officer of every lodge of Good Templars to send us a list of the members thereof, and every member to send us a list of his neighbors and friends whom he thinks would like to read this story. We will gladly mail a copy of THE BLADE of December 5, containing its opening chapters, to every person whose name and address are furnished us. Please do it *at once*, so that we may have the wrappers addressed beforehand.

JUST as the fashion has changed and the blonde-haired beauty has been obliged to take a back seat while the brunette forges to the front, it is authoritatively announced that the former have always been conspicuous for their wickedness towards masculines. They go back to Adam, and that much abused woman Eve, who, Milton assures us was golden haired, though how he knew unless by inspiration we can not even guess. Eve was weak and yielded to temptation, then with her blonde tresses sweeping like a veil around her, she came to Adam and beguiled him to sin also. The probabilities are, they say, that had she been a brunette, she would have been stronger minded. It is true that the greatest woman sinners in history and tradition were described as possessing golden hair, but so also were those credited with the greatest virtues. We do not believe the burden of proof is great enough to make the blonde maiden dye their tresses upon that account. Evidently Carlotta Patti has no fear of being judged demoralized, for she has recently dyed her raven locks to a brilliant golden color, to the intense astonishment of London opera-goers. Her good taste, it is true, might be questioned in the matter.

GET A WATCH FREE!

The attention of all readers is directed to the offer on the Trenton watch, in the Publishers' Department, fifth page. It is an excellent watch, and none have so far been returned under our warranty. It is the very best cheap watch in the market. We have several thousands of these watches, which we bought to give away to club raisers. To any one sending us a club of ten subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, and $10, we will send one of these watches free. We did not buy them to sell, but if any subscriber wishes one, we will send him the Weekly BLADE one year, and a Trenton watch, for $5. The watch retails in the jewelry stores at $5. Get up a club; you can earn yourself a good watch in a few hours.

SENATOR HOAR, in his article published in the *North American Review*, shows one difference between the Democratic and the Republican voting classes, in the following extract, which is as true as gospel, and worthy to be made the text of many a Republican political sermon:

Giving our Democratic brethren all due credit for individual excellence, the fact remains that the men who do the work of piety and charity in our churches, the men who administer our school systems, the men who own and till their own farms, the men who perform skilled labor in the shops, the soldiers, the men who went to the war and stayed all through, the men who paid the debt and kept the currency sound and saved the nation's honor, the men who saved the country in war, and have made it worth living in in peace, commonly, and as a rule, by the natural law of their being, find their place in the Republican party, while the old slave owner and slave-driver, the saloon-keeper, the ballot-box stuffer, the Ku Klux, the criminal class of the great cities, the men who can not read or write, commonly, and as a rule, by the natural law of their being, find their congenial place in the Democratic party.

A FRIEND'S OPINION.

An old subscriber to THE BLADE, of Anthony, Kansas, in renewing his subscription, adds the following kindly words of commendation:

Permit me to say, that my appreciation of the value and merits of THE BLADE, in the education of the people in the true principles and policies of our government, increases with each succeeding year of my subscription to and reading of it. I am 69 years old, and have had considerable experience in the secular journalism of my day; and in all candor will say, that your paper approximates nearer my ideal of a political family newspaper than any that I know of. With many wishes for your continued success, I am, Yours, Truly,

FRANCIS M. WHITE.

OUR Democratic brethren are lamenting because there is an abandonment of farms in the sterile mountainous regions of New England. They do not seem to know that the reason is because those who owned them or tilled them can earn more money in other industries. Some of the farming lands in New England may have decreased in value, but under the tariff every year that section increases its wealth, the earning classes hoard more wages, and more new homes are built by sober and industrious working people than in any preceding year.

THE forthcoming report of the Secretary of the Treasury will probably devote some attention to the matter of foreign immigration. It is possible that he may propose that the whole matter shall be turned over to federal authority, as the abuses at Castle Garden and the constant disagreements among the commissioners of emigration there, have become intolerable.

WHAT CONGRESSMEN FAVOR.

The New York *Tribune* lately propounded the following series of questions to every Republican representative-elect to the Fifty-first Congress:

1. Do you favor a revision of the tariff on the lines adopted by the Senate at its last session?
2. To what extent would you modify the internal revenue laws?
3. Do you favor national control of Congressional elections?
4. Do you favor liberal appropriations for ocean mail service looking to a revival of the American merchant marine?
5. Will you indicate your first and second choice for Speaker of the House?

These questions were put by letter, but the recipients were somewhat (and naturally so) chary of committing themselves in advance on these topics. Of the 269 Republican members who were interrogated but 93 replied, representing 24 of the 29 states sending Republican delegations to the House; so, although the replies are from a minority of the Republican contingent, they are fairly representative in character, and afford an important aid in determining the attitude of the dominant party in the House.

In answering the first question, 86 of the 93 members reply in the affirmative—that they favor the revision of the tariff on the general lines of the Senate bill of last year. But many of the replies contained qualifications; some express themselves as for higher duties on wool, tin plate, and other articles; others express themselves as in favor of a heavy cut in the sugar duty, or even its entire repeal, if it will destroy the Sugar Trust. Mr. COLEMAN, of Louisiana, who answered the question in the negative, opposes especially the 50 per cent reduction in the sugar duty made by the Senate bill. There were three negative answers to the question, and four declined to reply.

The answers to the second question, regarding the modification of the internal revenue laws, show a wide diversity of sentiment as to the proper course to be pursued. Of the 93 members answering, 77 favor their repeal or modification, seven oppose any revision, and eight are noncommittal. The 77 replies favoring repeal or revision are classified thus:

To abolish the internal revenue system 12; to abolish it "as soon as practicable," 6; to repeal the tax on tobacco, cigars, etc., 22; to reduce it, 1; to repeal the taxes on tobacco and alcohol used in manufactures and the mechanic arts, 13; to repeal the taxes on tobacco and fruit spirits, 4; to repeal the tax on alcohol and reduce that on fruit spirits, 1; to repeal everything except the tax on whisky, 2; in favor of a "considerable" or "liberal" reduction, 6. It will be observed that 65 of the propositions involve the repeal of the tobacco taxes, while 11 favor a reduction of those taxes.

The replies to the third question—federal control of congressional elections—stand thus: in the affirmative, 75; negative, 4; non-committal, 14. Of those 75 answering in the affirmative, several express their doubts as to the effectiveness of legislation to reach the trouble, and three out of the four negatives base their replies on the same view.

The answers to the fourth question show practical unanimity in favor of liberal appropriations for the foreign mail service, to the end that our ocean carrying trade may be rehabilitated, as there was but one answer in the negative. However, two failed to answer, and seven were not prepared to decide as to the best means to accomplish the result, though they favored it.

On the Speakership, 22 declined to commit themselves, only 71 replying, whose preferences are as follows:

	1st choice.	2d choice
Reed, of Maine	25	12
McKinley, of Ohio	19	9
Cannon, of Illinois	12	3
Henderson, of Iowa	7	—
Penrose, of Michigan	6	2
Perkins, of Kansas	1	—

President HARRISON's message will doubtless discuss the first four topics, and the country looks to the Republican party to put into effect, through proper legislation, a national policy. The Democratic administration of 1885-89 showed clearly the utter incapacity of that party to formulate and put into operation a consistent one, and the nation looks to the Republican majority in Congress and the Republican executive to meet the demands of the times with a broad and energetic policy that will start the United States forward on a new career of growth and prosperity.

EVERY voter is familiar with the free trade screed which had such general circulation during the campaign last year, which represents the farmer as rising in the morning to put on a flannel shirt taxed 95 per cent, a coat taxed 57 per cent, taking water from a bucket taxed 35 per cent, etc. The following neat retort has the merit of being a statement of facts actually within the observation of every intelligent farmer:

Under the protective tariff the farmer puts on his flannel shirt made by his well paid neighbors and customers in a woolen mill in this state, which buys his wool at a good price, his coat and boss made at home by the tailor and the shoemaker who buy the farmer's produce; he takes the water from a bucket made in a neighboring town where the farmer finds a ready market for the milk, cheese, butter and other articles which he produces; and dries them on a cheap towel made by his customers in a neighboring manufacturing town, instead of Europe by ill paid men who cannot buy a thing he produces; and he finds that by encouraging these home industries he gets his shirt, his coat, his shoes, his bucket, his cotton towel and every other manufactured article needed in his family for from 25 to 50 per cent less, while he gets from 25 to 50 per cent more for butter, cheese, milk, potatoes, hay, wool, sweet corn, vegetables and other products of his farm than he did forty years ago under a Democratic revenue tariff; and, like the intelligent, sensible men most farmers are, he goes to the polls and votes for the protective policy every time.

THE good old Hartford *Courant* has just entered on its 126th year of publication, and on the anniversary published facsimiles of the four modest pages of its first issue, October 29, 1764. In its editorial remarks on the occasion, it made some reflections on the duty of a newspaper, which embrace such sound doctrine, that we reproduce them herewith:

Its reputation for the trustworthiness in its news, decency in its editing, thoroughness in its work and fearless honesty in its expression of opinion is a precious possession. Whoever value we appreciate and whose responsibility we recognize; and for the benefit of those who are younger in "journalism" we take occasion to say that this reputation has not only a sentimental but a business value. In the long run it pays to be believed if your business is that of spreading information. The *Courant* has no end to serve beyond the common good, and it is by following this that its long history of uninterrupted success has been possible.

HAD the *Courant* not been conducted upon those principles, it would not have been as flourishing as it is to-day. We extend hearty congratulations, and hope the *Courant* may be still hale and hearty when THE BLADE celebrates its 126th anniversary.

IT is glad tidings to the sturdy pioneers of the West that the new Land Commissioner announces that he will not permit settlers to be robbed of homestead rights on technical grounds. Where good faith is shown, a strict compliance with formalities will not be insisted upon. This is the true policy, and the one for which the people voted when they restored the Republican party to power. It is the opposite of the policy which prevailed under Commissioner SPARKS.

THE production of petroleum in Pennsylvania is steadily falling off. Ohio oil must eventually take its place, and the price rise to a figure which represents its value, and not the fictitious price placed upon it by the Standard Oil company.

THE Democrats are worrying about 1892. It has at last dawned upon them that, even if they carry New York, they are not sure of their candidate because the Republicans can elect without the electoral vote of that state.

THE President has appointed Thursday, November 28, as Thanksgiving Day. With a restored Republican national regime, the people have abundant reason to be thankful.

OUR NEW STORY.

Col. Knox Has Completed Writing "Teetotaller Dick."

Some Interesting Details About It From the Author.

Very truly Yours
Thos. W. Knox

Col. KNOX informs us that he has completed our new serial story, which will be begun, as we have already announced, in the Weekly BLADE of December 5. This serial has been written expressly for THE BLADE, and is entitled:

TEETOTALLER DICK;

His Adventures, Temptations and Triumphs.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS," "CAMP FIRE AND COTTON FIELDS," "UNDERGROUND," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," ETC., ETC.

Our readers are already familiar with the outline of the story, as it has been given in these columns; but we have received a letter from the author, from which we extract the following additional details, that will be found very interesting:

* * * * * * * *

In addition to the effect of alcoholic beverages from medical, moral, physical and social points of view, I have, as you are aware, touched upon the view which is taken of drinking by the life insurance companies. I obtained this directly from a medical examiner for one of the largest companies, and also from the experience of a personal friend of mine, who tried to get his life insured, but was rejected in consequence of his drinking habits.

The physical and moral effects of beer come in for full investigation, and I think I have thoroughly shown the fallacy of the belief that malt liquors are strengthening and nutritious. The small amount of nutriment that is to be found in beer will astonish many of your readers; it certainly astonished me when I went to the bottom of my investigations.

It is probable, also, that many of your read

IN OLD GERMAN TOWNS.

Experiences During a Nine Weeks' Vacation in Northern Germany.

BY ROBINSON LOCKE.

VIII. CONTINUED.

JUST what the feeling was at the moment we found ourselves in that old castle, without a soul about us would be hard to describe. By the dim and ghostly light that filtered through the narrow windows in the massive stone walls we could distinguish the long rows of great columns supporting the arched roof. Not a sound was to be heard. Not a person was to be seen. It was decidedly awesome.

At the side of the door, high above our heads, there hung a bell. It was suggested that probably it had been placed there for the purpose of notifying the Castellan of the arrival of visitors. At any rate that was the only use we could discover for it, and rather than be left alone in the grewsome place any longer I gave it a terrific prod with my umbrella.

Clang! Clang!

Never was there such a noise.

It seemed as though all the bells in Germany had been set loose at once in that great vaulted room.

The clang of that bell went echoing down the arches of the room, and were hurled back with increased volume until a thousand bells were ringing a fantastic glee over the misfortunes of two unfortunate Americans. As the noise began to subside, my wife suggested that I ring it again. But all the powers of earth could not have induced me to set that dreadful bell to going again. As it was, I wanted to quit this ghastly chamber of horrors and seek the open air.

We waited, however, about five minutes, hoping and yet fearing that some one would stalk majestically out of the dim recesses beyond the pillars, and in sepulchral tones demand of us who were and what we wanted, to thus disturb the quiet that brooded over this famous abode of royalty.

But no one came.

Then growing bolder, after the last expiring echo had died away in the far-off corners of the cavernous room, I suggested that we make another attempt to gain an entrance in another part of the vast old pile.

So we quitted our post, carefully swinging shut the massive spike-studded door, and made our way round to the back of the castle, although at the time we supposed it was the front.

The accompanying cut gives a good idea of the side of the castle we were on. In the foreground is the lovely pond or small lake, seen through a break in the grand old trees that border it on either side. From the pond a smoothly shaved lawn, dotted here and there with pretty flower beds, stretches away up to a great portico, whose fluted columns of gray stone tower high above, and give an air of grandeur and majesty to the otherwise rather plain facade.

As we approached the portico, up to which is a rather long flight of wide, stone steps, lights were seen through an open window on the ground floor, if so ordinary a term may be used in speaking of so grand a thing as a royal palace.

My wife suggested that I try the persuasive power of my faultless (?) German upon the inmates of the room, who could be seen by the light of the lamp on the table around which they were seated.

It was rather a presumptuous thing to do, but we had arranged to leave Cassel early the next morning, and wanted, if possible, to see the inside of this particular palace before resuming our journey.

So I summoned up whatever nerve there may be in my composition and approached the open window.

No one in the room saw me, and with a sort of an introductory cough I ventured to murmer "good evening" in as sweet and attractive a tone of voice as I could.

No response. Evidently my natural timidity and diffidence had prevented me from speaking loud enough. So I tried again after a vigorous and insinuating cough.

This time the trial was more effective. One tall athletic looking man, wearing a long coat thrown open to show his vest, arose from his place at the table, and, pipe in hand, came to the window.

He was a full bearded, powerfully built fellow who looked like a proper person to take care of royal property. He looked fierce enough to annihilate one, and my heart sank lower with every step he took toward me.

The nice little request that I had framed in my best German had vanished entirely by the time he reached the window. I was dimly conscious of a rich, well modulated voice asking what was wanted and then I blurted out that we desired to see the inside of the castle.

My wife gave me a dreadful nudge at this piece of diplomacy, and in a pathetic aside murmured, "Oh, if I could only speak German!" I wished from the bottom of my heart that she only could. It would have taken a great responsibility off me.

The Castellan, for he it was whom we were addressing, answered kindly that he feared it would be impossible, as the Empress was to arrive the following day.

Then, spurred by the possibility of losing all, my wits came back and I expressed our regret, adding that we were obliged to leave Cassel early the following day and would be obliged to return to America without having had the pleasure, so long anticipated, of seeing a castle whose fame had gone across the water and with whose history Americans were all so familiar.

This little speech seemed to be rather fetching, for he excused himself a moment and said he would speak to his wife about it. After an absence of a few minutes he returned and said that his wife thought our request could be granted.

He told us to go up the steps to the portico and without attracting any attention await the coming of his wife.

By this time it was nearly dark and there was no danger of any one seeing us. However, we went cautiously up the wide stone steps, looking all the time off at the pond, as though we were there merely for the sake of the view.

Arriving at the top my wife stood behind one of the big pillars and I behind another and awaited our guide. Fully five minutes passed without a sound, and then I suggested in a stage whisper that I was getting just a bit tired of all this nonsense.

Scarcely had the words left my lips before we saw a light in one of the long, narrow windows in front of us.

Then one-half of the long blind was pushed slowly and cautiously open.

An elderly woman, finger on lip, motioned for us to enter. My, but it was mysterious.

As we crossed the threshold of the window, if I may use the term, the old lady whispered that it was against all rules, but as we were Americans and had to go away in the morning, they had decided to break over this once and admit us.

We thanked the old lady most earnestly for her kindness and assured her that we would never forget her. She smiled as though she had heard that remark before and then showed us the beauties of the room we had entered through the window looking out upon the lake.

We were in the state dining-room, a magnificent chamber of admirable proportions. The walls contained some fine paintings, the beauties of which, we could not enjoy however, on account of the darkness. One wax candle did not have much of a show in such an enormous room as that. The hard wood floor was polished until it was as smooth as glass and about as slippery as ice. I could but think what a splendid roller skating rink it would make.

Our guide did not waste any time. She was very nervous and it was plainly evident that she wanted to get through as soon as possible. At any rate she rushed us through a number of rooms explaining as she went the various purposes they served.

There was the bed-room of the crown prince, with its little, narrow bed; simple and unpretentious, as should be the room of the boy who is one day to rule a great nation. Then came the bed-room of the princes, and of the attendants, and of the royal retinue, and of the officers on duty during the stay of the Empress. The rooms were all large and moderately well furnished.

Then we came back and passing through a little door, found ourselves at the foot of a spiral staircase. With finger on lip, our guide went on ahead, and we followed in the semi-darkness, winding around, always up, until at length, we found ourselves in the very bed-room of her majesty, the Empress.

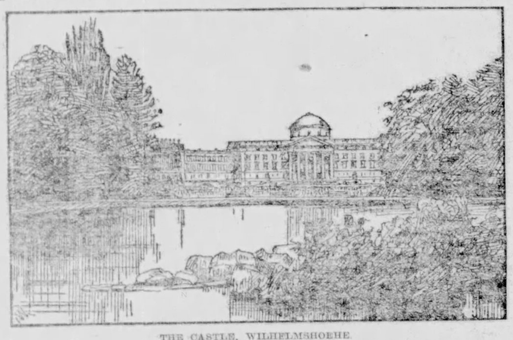
Here we made the longest stop and only wished we had more time in which to examine the beauties of this charming retreat. We had, however, only time to notice that the walls were hung with softest silks of elaborate design; that the bed was covered with rare lace; that costly rugs were strewn about the hard-wood floor; that the furniture was of the most luxurious pattern; that everywhere there was evidence of a refined and cultured taste, and then we were led away, to the next room, which was the study of the Empress.

Her escritoire was open and paper, envelopes, ink and pens, all arranged ready for instant use. The furniture was solid and substantial, but very elegant withal.

From this room we were conducted to the private dining-rooms, and then hurried through the room where Napoleon III slept while he sojourned at Wilhelmshoehe after the Franco-German war. Down stairs again we were rushed into a little room where were exposed for sale a number of photographs of the castle, from two of which were engraved the pictures illustrating this letter.

One guide breathed a sigh of relief as she opened the door after we had expressed our gratitude in a more substantial form than mere words and passed out into the open air, after having had as pleasantly mysterious a tour through a famous old castle as usually falls to the lot of the average tourist.

By this time it was quite dark and we hastened through the great park down to the tram station and soon steamed back to Cassel, where over a quiet luncheon, we discussed the events of our strange and unexpected visit to the famous old castle Wilhelmshoehe.



THE CASTLE, WILHELMSHOEHE

ONE OF THE TOWERS OF THE CASTLE.

A TRAGEDY.

A soft-breasted bird from the sea
Fell in love with a light-house flame;
And it wheeled round the tower on its airiest wing,
And floated and cried like a love-lorn thing;
It brooded all day and it fluttered all night,
But could win no look from the steadfast light.

For the flame had its heart afar—
Afar with the ships at sea;
It was thinking of children and waiting wives
And darkness and danger to sailors' lives;
But the bird had its tender bosom pressed
On the glass, where at last it dashed its breast.

The light only flickered, the brighter to glow;
But the bird lay dead on the rocks below.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

THE FOUNDATION OF WEALTH.

Saving is the Corner Stone of the Whole Edifice.

The man who saves something every year, quotes a contemporary, who had heard the remark from every quarter, is on the road to prosperity. It may not be possible to save much. If not, save a little. Do not think that a dollar or a dime is too small a sum to lay by. Everybody knows how little expenditures get away with large sums. But few seem to know that the rule is one that works both ways. If a dime spent here and a dollar there soon makes a large hole in a man's income, so do dimes and dollars laid away soon become a visible and respectable accumulation. In this country any man can make himself independent or keep himself under the harrow for life, according as he wastes or spends his small change.

Most of our millionaires laid the foundation of their fortunes by saving. It is said that Senator Farwell commenced life as a surveyor.

Cornelius Vanderbilt began life as a farmer.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker's first salary was $1.25 a week.

A. T. Stewart made his first start as a school teacher.

Cyrus Field began life as a clerk in a New England store.

Andrew Carnegie did his first work in a telegraph office at $3 a week.

Whitelaw Reid, our minister to France, did work as correspondent of a Cincinnati newspaper for $5 a week.

Moses Taylor clerked in Water street, New York, at $2 a week.

George W. Childs was an erraud boy for a bookseller at $4 a month.

Jay Gould canvassed Delaware county, N. Y., selling maps at $1.50 a piece.

And to the above names, which are familiar to most persons, might be added hundreds of others whose fortune and fame had the same small beginning.

The same or better opportunities exist to-day for bright, energetic young men to succeed that existed when the above millionaires begun their business life, but to accomplish it the same perseverance and economy which characterized their early career must be observed.

Undoubtedly.

Let each citizen of this noble republic issue a proclamation of emancipation for himself and the golden age of political reform will immediately dawn upon us.—*New York Witness.*

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XXXII.

THE DEATH OF ELLSWORTH.

Sadly the bells toll the death of the hero,
Hoarsely the cannon booms o'er the sad wave,
Heavily droops the fair flag of his country,
Dearer to him than the life which he gave,
The Stars and the Stripes from dishonor to save.

Fresh as the morn of his fame weaves the laurel,
Wet by a life's blood still sparkling with youth,
O'er his still grave when the din of our battles
Wakes not the victim of cowardly ruth;
Sleep, sleep, fearless champion of freedom and truth.

Zouaves, to the combat; Zouaves, rush to the glory;
Ellsworth's young blood marks the steep path of fame;
Ellsworth, the battle cry, lo! he lies in glory,
Let your bright swords carve a niche for his name;
Aye, traitors! his blood seals the day of your shame.

LOVELY SUSIE.

Published by request.

Down in a green valley I carelessly did stray;
I overheard a soldier unto his true love say:
"Oh, Susie, lovely Susie, I soon must leave the shore
To fight against Jeff Davis on a Yankee man-of-war."

(Repeat last to lines.)

"Oh Johnnie, dearest Johnnie, don't go away from me!
The Rebels are as treacherous as any Portugee,
And by some deadly weapon you might receive a scar,
Oh Johnnie, do not venture on a Yankee man-of-war!"

"Oh, Susie, lovely Susie, the truth to you I'll tell;
Our stars and stripes are insulted, and the Yankees know it well.
I may be crowned with glory just like some gallant tar,
I'll fight against Jeff Davis on a Yankee man-of-war!"

Then pulling out his handkerchief, and tearing it in two,
Says he, "One half I'll keep myself, the other give to you;
Though bullets fly around me and rebel cannons roar,
I'll fight against Jeff Davis on a Yankee man-of-war!"

A few more words together and he let go her hand;
The jolly crew around the boat soon merrily left the land;
The soldier waved his handkerchief as he rode off afar,
And Susie blessed her soldier on a Yankee man-of-war!

LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER.

"Let me kiss him for his mother,
Ere ye lay him with the dead!
Far away from home; another
Sure may kiss him in her stead!
How that mother's lips would kiss him
Till her heart should nearly break!
How in days to come she'll miss him!
Let me kiss him for her sake!

"Let me kiss him for his mother!
Let me kiss the wandering boy;
It may be there is no other
Left behind to give her joy.
When the news of woe, the morrow,
Burns the bosom like a coal,
She may feel this kiss of sorrow
Fall as balm upon her soul.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!
Heroes, ye, who by his side,
Waited on him as a brother
Till the Northern stranger died,
Heeding not the foul infection
Breathing in the fever breath,
Let me of my own election
Give the mother's kiss in death.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!"
Saving thought and loving deed!
Seek, nor fear, nor sigh to smother,
Gentle mutinous Willie ye read.
Thank the God who made ye human,
Gave ye pitying tears to shed;
Honor ye the Christian woman
Bending o'er another's dead.

IF GRACE HAD LIVED.

"If Grace had lived," said the mother at the breakfast table, speaking quietly, too quietly, "this would be her fourteenth birthday."

If Grace had lived! They looked at each other in silence and the father stirred his coffee as if she had remarked about the weather. But there flashed into his heart a question, If Grace had lived?

Though neither spoke again, both began to see visions of what life would have been if the dearly loved daughter had been left to them. The father went back to the last birthday God had given her with them. He recalled the pleasure he had in planning with her for her little "party." He had been her poet laureate, (dear, living critic!) and something in her fancy seemed to be pleased with the jingle he wrote for her invitations. His favorite printer entered into sympathy with the object, and the pretty cards were a constant delight to the daughter.

Sitting at the table the father thought of the happy face that looked into his on that day when he read the lines to her. How often he had thought of the jingle since; how many times he had found one of the cards only to read it with pain.

It read:

Perhaps you remember
I came in November,
'Twixt fading of flowers and falling of snow;
I was such a wee baby;
You doubt this, it may be?
But, bless you! since then I've done nothing but grow.

But life now looks shady
For I'm quite a young lady,
And cares keep me busy as bees in a hive;
—But please to remember,
On the first of November,
My friends will be welcome, and I will be FIVE.

What a common place jingle they have, yet how delighted she was with them. They were hers; they brought her friends; they marked a mile stone in her progress, and the sun was shining.

He started for his work saying nothing, but thinking, as he stepped out of the door, If Grace had lived!

He met girls going to school who were at her last little party. He looked at them and tried to fancy what she would have been in face and figure had she continued with them, and the pain in his heart grew so he sighed again, If Grace had lived!

Men came into his place of business, and in buying and selling he forgot for awhile, but suddenly, perhaps in the midst of a bargain, he found his thoughts had gone beyond the walls and were saying, If Grace had lived!

All day long the words crept between him and his work. They brought her laughing eyes before him. They bore her patient, suffering face to him. They slowly drew before him the little hearse that carried her away.

When the evening comes; ah, then the thoughts fly thick and fast to her whose day it was and is. Old, so old, is sorrow, and so little changed! Rachels, weeping for their children, have been since the world began, and will be. And like her of old, they will not be comforted, because the children are not.

One thinks of this and is met at once by the question, If Grace had lived? Ah, yes; what can bring comfort when she is not? If she had lived the bird's songs would have been sweeter; the sun brighter; the future radiant with hope.

The day ends and far into the night, on sleepless pillows, to two heavy hearts the old pain seems to be saying, If Grace had lived.

WM. H. MAUER.

HOW TO DARN AS THE NUNS DO.

Hints for Girls That Will Prove Most Valuable to Them.

While speaking of mending, I will describe the darning taught by the nuns in French convents, who probably do the most of the beautiful and elaborate needlework in the world. Silk, cashmere, flannel, in fact all materials except cotton fabrics are taken and the rent cut around to form even edges; then it is matched with a piece of the goods, which is basted on the wrong side of the tear. Ravelings of the fabric are pulled from a straight piece of the fabric and a long, fine darning needle threaded with one, discarding it as soon as it begins to wear fine or rough.

The darning is done over the raw edge of the tear, taking the edge as the center and putting in two or three stitches on each side of it, extending thus on the new piece, but not across it. Do the work on the right side and take up small stitches both over and under the needle. When the raw edge has been entirely covered, rip the basting threads, lay a slightly damp cloth on the right side of the darn and iron it with a moderately warm iron.

—*Emma M. Hooperin Ladies' Home Journal.*

It Tickled Him.

Friend—"Are you happy?"

Spirit (through medium)—"Perfectly so."

Friend—"What has pleased you most since you left us?"

Spirit—"The epitaph on my tombstone. It both amazes and delights me.—[Boston Courier.

CURRENT COMMENT.

An Unfeeling Woman.
Indianapolis Journal.

Speaking of the what-would-you-do-if-you-were-a man question, it was an unfeeling woman who said she would make a fool of herself just like any other man.

Of all the sad and gloomy words
That mankind ever writ,
There are no sadder ones to me
Than these two: "Please remit."

"It is said," reports the Augusta *Chronicle*, "that a few weeks ago an English company, which is working the Nacoochee mine in North Georgia, took out a nugget weighing 1,300 pennyweights. The largest lump of gold ever found in America came from the foot of Roan Mountain, N. C., and weighed 1,500 ounces. Three men were killed over its possession, and to-day the nugget remains in the government vaults waiting for a legal claimant."

Cause for Rejoicing.
Boston Courier.

The base-ball season's at an end
And there is cause for glee,
The fifty cents we used to spend
To see the game we now may lend
To aid an impecunious friend
And thus do good, you see.

Speaking of red-headed girls, did you ever see a white horse get away with a measure of carrots?

In the Park.
New York Herald.

First Gray Squirrel—Here comes Old Gags, the minstrel man; let's turn highwaymen and hold him up.

Second Gray Squirrel—What's the use? What's he got that we want?

First Gray Squirrel—Chestnuts.

They were going to send the young female child to day school. She betrayed a decided disinclination to go. "I don't want to go to day school, mamma." "Why?" "They don't teach you anything at day school. I want to go to Sunday school." "Why do you want to go to Sunday school?" "Cos they teach you very interesting things there, I know." "How do you know?" "Well, Alice Jones goes to Sunday school, and she was telling us all about it. She says they teach you lots of interesting things. Alice Jones says she didn't know a single thing about the devil until she went to Sunday school."

Will Let Him Go Now.
Washington Star.

The talk is now that those hostile senators would let Murat Halstead go to Russia if he wanted to. They seem to have the impression that he might be an uncomfortable companion in the senate for some of them.

Needs Comfort.
Chicago Tribune.

Judge Thurman broke down while in the act of delivering a campaign speech in Ohio a few days ago, and was compelled to take to his bed. The Old Roman has the kind sympathy of all, without regard to party, in the bodily infirmity that old age brings upon him. In this sympathy Candidate Campbell is entitled to share. The judge, at the moment he was taken sick, was about to say something in favor of that aspiring citizen, and if ever there was a man in need of comforting words it is the Buckeye Democratic nominee for governor.

Respect For Age.
Judge.

Alone she trod life's dreary stage;
How long? you ask. Ah, well—
Why need the fair one tell her age,
When age itself will tell?

Nothing Like It.
Indianapolis Journal.

Never was the growth of a city measured like that of Chicago. With the population of nearly a million, streets of palaces such as cities of the old word never saw, except as the work of centuries, and the man yet living who helped build the first house! That man need not stretch his imagination much to believe the story of Aladdin.

Patronized by Royalty.
Boston Times.

Chippie—Yaas, Gladstone is a gweat man, but I'd wather be Bwight, doncher-know!

Chappie—John Bwight is dead, deah boy.

Chippie—Aw, I mean the fellah who introduced Bwight's disease. The Pwince has taken it up, doncherknow.

Shakespeare is now being done in Japan under some hard titles. "The Merchant of Venice" is "Ninniku Shichire Sarban;" "Romeo and Juliet" is "Seyo Musume Setsuyo;" "Julius Cæsar" is "Sashura Kidan," and the great poet himself is "Sekisupiya." What's in a name?" said Shakespeare:

That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

But it is greatly to be feared that Shakespeare done into Japanese loses a great deal of its original sweetness.

Pretty Bad Light.
Denver News.

Homeward the weary clerk proceeds,
Picking his way so dark and dread,
Past the yawning holes and sewers,
Lighted by lamps of flickering red.

Honor in His Own Country.
New York World.

A Walt Whitman cigar is in circulation. As Wellington has given his name to boots, and Byron to collar, and Gladstone to a bag, even so does the good gray poet come to popular fame. The smoke of leaves of cabbage rises in honor of the "Leaves of Grass."

Trouble for You Somewhere.
Fliegende.

If a woman hates you, you may be sure she has loved you, loves you now or will love you.

Even as Aaron's.
Chicago Tribune.

A floral tournament was once
The contest of the hour,
And many a boastful plant proclaimed
Itself the nation's flower.
But when assembled each prepared
To fight like all possessed,
The golden rod, like Aaron's rod,
Soon swallowed all the rest.

Ever Trusting and Deceived.
Richmond Recorder.

Many a woman dusts billiard chalk off her husband's coat with great big drops of tears in her beautiful eyes, as she reflects how hard and how late he has to work at his desk close to that nasty whitewashed wall.

Fabulous But Funny.
Pittsburg Dispach.

Such is the hent of the closing week of the Ohio campaign that the Republican committee has turned a number of orators into the rural districts with instructions to speak at every school house they can find. Tuesday night one of these speakers, who was imported from New York and was working along the western border, got mixed in his reckoning and made an eloquent plea for Foraker's election at a village four miles across the Indiana line.

Who Ever Sausage Word?
Dayton Herald.

According to the *Times Star*, Cincinnati leads all the cities in the country in the manufacture of "Wienerwurst." We are inclined to call our big neighbor Wienerwurstopolis.

Cent Fines Bankrupted the Members.
Life.

Mabel—Amy, what has become of your anti-slang society?

Amy—Oh, it's in the soup.

They Would Cost the Taxpayers Less.
Somerville Journal.

The United States government publishes some valuable books, but long experience leads us to remark that they would be better for scrap-book uses if every other leaf was omitted, and the printed pages were left blank.

Too Much for Him.
Boston Courier.

He was a lawyer noted for his skill
And deeply learned in many a legal tome;
In court he often broke a man's will
But could not break a woman's won't at home.

"What? Is the widow Brown going to be led to the altar for the third time?" No, I guess not. She ought to be able to find the way there herself by this time."—[Fliegende Blaetter.

—Ladies and gentleman wishing correspondents, address U. S. Correspondence Club, Beatrice, Neb. Send stamp.

A KRUPP GUN FACTORY

Likely to be Established at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

According to the Pittsburg *Chronicle-Telegraph* several representatives of the great Krupp gun factory of Essen, Germany, have recently been in that city with a view to gathering information as to the building there of a plant similar to the great German factory. One of them said: "There are a good many reasons why my master wishes to remove his plant to this country, and especially to this city. The first is the fact that Europe may at any moment become the scene of a great war. Of course, in such a case, Krupp would have to stand by his fatherland, and from patriotic considerations he would manufacture guns for Germany alone. Now, as all the world knows, Krupp makes more guns than any other firm in the world. If, therefore, our plant were established in a neutral country, we could furnish our guns to any power. But, apart from that, the natural advantages of Western Pennsylvania are so tempting, and their value has been so conclusively shown to Herr Krupp, that he is favorably inclined to remove."

"But you do not mean to say that he is going to remove his entire plant, bag and baggage, into this country?"

"Yes, I do. Do not forget that Krupp is a young man. Since his father died the young man has developed all kinds of notions, and he will not stop until they have materialized. I know that a syndicate has offered him 100,000,000 francs for his plant in Essen; and whether or not he ever sells it would not affect his plans regarding Pittsburg."

"What kind of a plant is it proposed to erect here?"

"Herr Krupp proposes to buy a tract of land large enough to hold his works and sufficient houses to accommodate all his employes. A tract of five square miles, I think, is what he is figuring on at present. We employ now about 20,000 men in Essen. The building of a complete town is Herr Krupp's idea, a town which is to be modelled exactly after Kronenberg, the colony of Krupp near Essen. The advantages of natural gas have come to the notice of my master, and he has become enthusiastic over that wonderful fuel. I have the plans of the entire plant and the town."

"Where will you locate the works?"

"I am not at liberty to say that, for obvious reasons. I have the option on the land all fixed, and in such shape that we could lay the foundation of our plant to-morrow. However, one thing I will tell you. It is less than 25 miles from Pittsburg, and within easy access of railroads and the river, and close to a large and rich district of natural gas."

THE LEGEND OF THE LILY.

An Angel's Tears Call Forth the Beautiful Floral Gift.

Once, long ago, when the earth was young, an angel was wandering through its verdant field searching for a flower to make an offering to his Heavenly Father. Rich was the color and sweet the perfume of these earthly stars, but how gaudy they were in comparison to the one that was in his mind!

"A pure white flower!" he murmured; but though he searched long and diligently he could not find one.

Disappointed and weary he sat down on a stone and wept. The crystal tears fell down his robe and sank into the ground. Immediately a lily sprang up so pure and sweet that the angel, with a joyous burst of song, straightway gathered it and flew on high to the throne of God, and, kneeling, laid the offering at His feet.

His Creator, beholding the graceful white flower, said to His faithful servant:

"Because of thy zeal in My service, this flower shall henceforth grow all over the world, and when sinful man looks upon it he will think of thy fervor and imitate it."

Reader, have you ever looked upon a pure white lily and not felt an indefinable sensation pass over you? A breath of heaven, perhaps; a glimpse of the divine purity!—*Gertrude B. Duffee in Atlanta Constitution.*

An Old Maid's Club.

In a village in the Canton of Lucerne, Switzerland, there is a society of old maids. It numbers 80 members, and, queer enough, it is under the patronage of the St. Catharine matrimonial agency. They perform acts of charity, and are highly esteemed in their neighborhood. The municipal council lately presented them with a banner, on which there is the following startling inscription: "Women are evil, but they are also a blessing. They remind us of the onions, that make us weep, but that we love all the same."

The Worst Yet.

"Jones, I hear you said I was carousing around town last night. Now you've got to contradict that statement. I left the club just after 12, stopped into the oyster saloon where I met you, ate half a dozen raws, and went directly home. Now you've——"

Jones—"That's what I said, and now you own up to it."

Brown—"I'd like to know how?"

Jones—"You acknowledge that you were a midnight raw-oyster-er, don't you? That's what I said."—*Judge.*

Her Mouth.

In courtship's days I used to think
Her sweetest of all misses,
And that her darling little mouth
Expressly framed for kisses.

But after marriage I soon found
When conversation holding,
Her mouth was formed for something else;
To-wit: for vigorous scolding.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Why Mamie Quit.

"Are you still taking painting lessons, Mamie?"

"No; I quit yesterday. I don't like my teacher?"

"Why not?"

"He has such a disagreeable way of talking. He told me that if I kept on for some time longer I might be able to whitewash a fence."—*Washington Critic.*

Not So Very Lucky.

Briggs—My wife never wakes up when I happen to come in late.

Braggs—Ah, you're a lucky man.

Briggs—As I said before, she doesn't wake up. She's already awake waiting for me.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Ups and Downs of Moustaches.

Old Moustaches—Dyed, but not dead.

Young Moustaches—Dowy, but not downed.

An Unequaled Triumph. An agency business where taking in sunscreasy photographs and portraits of Miss Anna Page of Austin, Texas, and Mr. Jno. Bonn of Toledo, Ohio. The latter writes: "I do business at almost every house I visit. Every one wants your grand **photograph** album, and were I deaf and dumb I could secure orders rapidly. The man writes: "Your magnificent album is the greatest of all bargains; the people generally are wonder-struck and order at sight. The orders taken last week pay me a profit of over $100. This is the chance you have been looking for. You can make from $5 to $25 and upwards every day of your life. Talk not necessary. You can make big money even though you don't say a word. Our new style album is the grandest success ever known, and the greatest bargain in the world. Double size—the largest made. Bound in richest, most elegant and artistic manner, in floral silk velvet plush. Findings splendidly ornamented. Inside charmingly decorated with most beautiful flowers. It is a regular $10 album, but it is sold to the people for only $2. How can we do it? It is the greatest hit of the times, we are manufacturing 50,000, and are satisfied with a profit of a few cents on each. Agents wanted. Any one can become a successful agent. Extra liberal terms to agents. We publish a great variety of Bibles and testaments, also subscription books and periodicals. Agents wanted for all. Our agents are always successful. We do the largest business with agents in America, and can give larger value for the money and better terms than any other firm. Particulars and terms for all of above mailed **free**. Write at once and see for yourself. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Box 716, PORTLAND, MAINE.

Borrowed Brilliants.

Boston Herald: In the death of that 500-pound giantess New York sustains a heavy loss.

New Orleans Picayune: When the stars above are not out shining they are probably locked up in the star chamber.

Yenowine's News: Babbitt, the famous soap man, is dead. It is hardly necessary to state that he left a clean record.

Rochester Post: The unmarried females of the country will be much interested in the work of the "Patrons of Husbandry."

Binghampton Republican: John L. Sullivan thinks his example has set young men to work. He is mistaken. His example has set men to striking.

Norristown Herald: The infant king of Spain is to have his portrait put on postage stamps. This will make him more "stuck up" than ever.

Burlington Free Press: "Young man, do not be deceived. Your best girl doesn't care half so much about you getting a mustache raised as she does about you getting your salary raised."

There seems to be a handle to the report of a Milk Trust. Is it a pump handle?

Representative Cannon's friends assert that as speaker he would not be a smooth bore.

A Fertile Soil.

Easterner—"Do you get very good crops on us here?"

Nebraska Farmer—"Stranger, this here is the most fertilest soil in the world. This fall I plowed up seven gold watches all in a bunch over in that patch o' ground behind the barn."

Easterner—"Hidden by some robber, I suppose?"

Farmer—"No, siree! It was where my boy had dropped his Waterbury the spring before, an' it'd got plowed under."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Publishers' Column.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.

The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with THE BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with THE BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 10 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $10, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

Some months ago THE BLADE inaugurated a scheme of supplying, at a very low price, copies or reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of the world. That this scheme has been appreciated by the readers of THE BLADE is evidenced by the fact that we have sold many thousands, and purchasers of one of the set are sure to become subscribers to the balance of the series. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, size about 22x28. They are printed in rich tints, by a new photo-etching process, and are beautiful reproductions of the celebrated paintings whose names they bear. Art stores retail these pictures at from 50 cents to $1 each. We send them postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube at *only 25 cents each.* When framed they are fine enough or anybody's house, and the price so low that everybody may get an idea of the grand paintings they represent. We shall add to our list from time to time. The following we now have on hand:

Christ Before Pilate. By Munkacsy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. This is a well known subject and needs no description.

Washington Entering New York. Representing Washington and his staff entering New York at the close of the Revolutionary war, 1789. On the outside border of this picture are engraved excellent portraits of twenty-eight Presidents of the United States.

The Angelus. By Jean Francois Millet. Just ready. The first published. A photo etching of "The Agelus," the celebrated painting for which an American recently paid, duties and all, over $100,000. Printed on heavy plate paper; size 24x38.

Either or all of above pictures sent postpaid by mail for 25 cents each. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

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EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

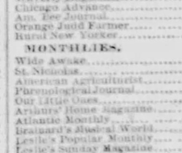
These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

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Published by the Toledo Blade Co.

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In order to reduce stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication to cost of manufacturing and postage. The books in this list cannot be obtained elsewhere, and before next spring most of them will be out of print. Subscribers in renewing for the BLADE should take the opportunities to procure one of these books. For a brief time we offer with or without the BLADE, at the following prices:

NASBY IN EXILE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.25, or with WEEKLY BLADE, one year, $2.10.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

The Recognition Won by the Mother From Her Children.

I WAS reading in a little book the other day—one entitled "Literary Landmarks" and designed to show how the reading education of the young should be conducted, when I came across the following:

"It is a sweet remembrance, that of a quiet old farm house where a tired mother after a hard day's work, gathered her seven children about her, her knitting needles keeping time to the measurss of the verses read by one of the group from a great poet. The poetry which she knit into the lives of her boys has out-lasted all the stockings, and crowned her memory with a halo of poetic recollections."

The picture thus presented called instantly before my mind's eye another one in which were a group of eager little ones, listening with breathless interest, while the gentle mother herself read from one of the masters of literature words that breathed the highest thoughts, —thoughts which, even though the young minds could not grasp them in their entirety, yet left an impression that would modify their whole after life. And with this impression was interwoven inextricably the mother's presence and sympathy, and they imbibed then and there a respect which grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength through all the years that followed. This respect was a thing apart from their love for her, and yet it made that deeper, for she entered into the currents of their lives which were setting in different directions, with the sympathetic wisdom born of experience, and they recognized her leadership.

RECOGNITION WON.

It is no small thing for a mother, or a father, to win this recognition from their children. Too often, after early childhood is passed, the interests of parents and children drift widely apart, and that without consciousness upon either side until the mischief is done. "There is no use asking mother," said an eager boy, "she will say she doesn't know and I must go to my teacher." There was the doubt planted of both his mother's sympathy in his pursuits, and of her ability to go with him where his restless adventurous footsteps were trending.

"There seems to be a settled conviction," says Miss Burt, the author of the book quoted above; "in the minds of many that children must make intellectual progress beyond their parents who are fated to lose out of their lives any interest in books; and we often see stories of toil worn parents, who, having educated their children through many sacrifices, are pushed aside and kept behind the scenes because they are not up with the times. Investigation would, doubtless, show that such parents have had time to gossip abundantly while educating their children, and have shut themselves away from their children's mental life through wilful preference."

There is a great deal of truth in this, though I think the "wilful preference" is oftener a carelessness arising out of the belief that their day of study is past, that their mental conditions are fixed, and that their pleasure lies in a different direction from that of further cultivation. It never occurs to them that life should always be a progression, both mentally and morally, and that absolute duty, which, performed, always brings happiness, demands that their intellectual powers shall not grow rusty.

Miss Burt tells about an uneducated workingman who, deploring his lack of early advantages, was in the habit of taking his little son on his lap at night to hear his lessons. He went with the boy in all his high school work, and is to day an educated man through giving the child continued sympathy in his studies. One such instance is enough to show that the good done is reactionary in more than the one way; that the parent is gaining intellectually while holding his place in the high regard of his child. In this case the father recognized his own lack of intellectual fitness for companionship with such a man as he intended his son should be, and he also recognized the fact in time to prevent the growing apart that would be certain to follow when this consciousness came to the son's maturer years.

A WISE MOTHER.

I know the mother of a family who is doing a work, which, begun for her children's sake, has brought to herself in the doing a keen delight. It has taken time and study; many social enjoyments have been sacrificed; much hard work has been and will have to be done, in order to carry it forward; but the results already visible are those of which she may well be proud. She formed her family of six or seven rollicking boys and girls into an Agassiz class for the study of natural history and botany. The most familiar things in the way of plants and insects were made the subjects of careful observation and investigation. When it was possible, long rambles were taken in the woods, and curious things gathered for study and examination. The children, from the eldest to the least, were full of interest and enthusiasm, if not all at first, it came as the lessons went on, until the hours spent in this way were the most pleasurable of all in the day. She purchased a microscope that added to the interest, and in order to keep herself in touch with what was going on in these directions, took the best papers and periodicals devoted to such subjects. Seeing the good it was doing her own children, out of a desire to help others, she invited two or three motherless boys to join the class, and they did so gladly. So the work goes on, the interest increasing month by month, and year by year.

"I knew," she said, in answer to my inquiries as to how she came to such an undertaking, "that I must do something to keep my boys and girls around me, for I could not bear to see them going elsewhere to find their pleasures—pleasures that might be their ruin. So after much thought, I resolved to take this course, and it has worked admirably, besides being of the greatest benefit to myself. Keep it up? Of course I shall, so long as any of my youngsters stay under the home roof, and then after that for my own pleasure."

LITTLE TIME FOR CARDS.

You may rest assured that this mother has little time to devote to card playing, progressive euchre and whist parties, and things of that ilk. She cannot give evening after evening, to say nothing of the afternoons, to these social entertainments, all well enough in their way when they do not absorb the time that ought to be devoted to other things, but becoming, when carried to excess, as reprehensible as any other intemperance.

There is another thing. If parents do not read with their children; if they are not in sympathy with what they are doing in an educational way; if they do not know what they are reading, there is a wide opportunity for these young people to imbibe much that is evil. Their choice must be directed, and limited, for without the latter there is danger for many of "literary debauchery," which must end in degeneracy. They must be directed, otherwise there will be, as Miss Burt says, a hodge podge collection of ideas, which she illustrates in a most amusing manner. She asked several young people from 12 to 15 years old to give a sort of summing-up of their knowledge of books and authors. In more cases than one, Scott, Longfellow, and Tennyson were placed in the ages before Christ, with Oliver Optic, Hawthorne and Mrs. Holmes as the representative writers since the Christian Era, and Shakespeare as writing at the present time. It seems very funny, but this ignorance is not so rare as it may seem.

A BETTER WAY.

"I cannot bother my head about these things," say some of you; "I have all I can do to look after the house, to keep it in order, and attend to my social duties." Would it not be better to have a little less order; fewer articles of adornment; a plainer—though no less wholesome—table; fewer tea-parties; less elaborate clothing, and give some time to keeping ahead of, or at least abreast with, your children in what is going on in the world, in the progress of science, literature and the arts The coming winter is a good opportunity to see what would come of such effort.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

EVERY mother must be interested in spreading the influences that will help to save her boys from entering the path that leads to ruin. The story which is to be published in THE BLADE by the well-known writer, Col. KNOX, entitled "Tectotaller Dick," will be a strong teaching in the direction of the right, and it is because this is so, that we ask each and every one of the HOUSEHOLD to forward the names of those who do not take THE BLADE, that we may send to them the copy containing the first instalment of the story. Help the good work along.—ED.

THE HOME AND ITS FURNISHING.

The house and its furnishing constitute a most excellent key to the character of home keepers, and this whether they have much money or little. In the direst poverty refinement of taste will show itself in some little touches that give an air to the whole surroundings, ugly in other respects though they may be. A great deal depends upon the arrangement of furniture, whether it impresses one with a sense of comfort or the contrary, upon entering. I have been in rooms where it was set stiff and straight and prim, giving one's spine a sensation of fixedness merely to look at it. What might be called an artistic carelessness is what should prevail. Set the sofa across the corner; turn the table out of the straight line; put an easy chair near it as if to invite the visitor to sit down and look over the books, papers, etc., that lie thereon; place the chairs anyway, but in rows, and have cushions and stools disposed near them for convenience. Have your furniture, draperies, etc., to harmonize, but do not think it necessary that all things should "match." A picturesque variety is far prettier.

A little touch of color here and there adds greatly to the beauty of an interior, as you all know. A pretty scarf or bag, any drapery gracefully disposed brightens up what would be otherwise bare and homely. These things, however, should be chosen with taste, and if one can spend but little for such adornments, have them of nice material and good style, rather than many and cheap.

Draperies add greatly to the beauty of an interior, and in these days there are many pretty ones to be had for a small amount of money. Take away a door where you can do so without inconvenience, and put up a portiere. It can be made of denim, as described a few weeks ago in the HOUSEHOLD, or of some of the dark colors of the double-faced Canton flannels.

Later on I shall give some further hints about house furnishing.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

HANDKERCHIEF SACHET.—Get a piece of brocaded satin of one color, or white is very handsome, 12 inches by 20 inches. Outline the flowers with gold cord couched on, or sewed down with blind stitches. Fill the flowers with veinings of delicate shades of silk, of the colors appropriate to the blossoms, and the leaves with the olive greens. Line it with quilted silk of some delicate shade. Before this is putin, however, lay in a foundation of some stiff material, and over that a thin layer of cotton batting sprinkled with sachet powder; then comes the lining proper. Put a cord around the edge, fold through the middle, and tie with pretty ribbons.

BABY'S AFGHAN.—A very rich and handsome afghan is made of two strips of broad lace insertion with three pieces of heavy white satin on which is painted or embroidered a spray of pink roses. The lining is pink surah silk which shows through the lace insertion. The afghan is edged with broad lace to match the insertion. A bow of pink ribbon is placed on each corner, the stripes of white satin and insertion alternating, and in center peice being satin and the initials, or monogram of the little one, worked or painted, or the word "Baby" as preferred.

A cheaper one can be made of white cashmere with the same material for lining, using any color suitable. Embroider all over the white cashmere small daisies in narrow white ribbon, usually called daisy ribbon, and add centers of yellow floss. The flowers will look quite as well scattered irregularly as though they were real blossoms and will not need to be stamped. Bind with white ribbon or with colored ribbon to match lining, or use a heavy cord or edge with wooden lace.—MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Wasco county, Ore.

Nelly Gray, you will find the patterns you want in the new book of "Fancy Work and House Decorations," which you can get by sending 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

PLASTER OF PARIS DESIGNS FOR DECORATING.—Fifteen cents worth of the best dental plaster, 1 bottle each of azure and white enamel, what is known as the "Thayer & Chandler" enamel, which can be purchased at any reliable art store; a small quantity of table salt, bowl and spoon for mixing, 2 yards narrow ribbon. If you wish to make a small plaque take an ordinary coffee saucer, turn it upside down; mix up with tepid rain water 2 tablespoonfuls of the plaster into a smooth, thick batter, having first added a small pinch of salt to your tepid water; stir rapidly, as the plaster hardens fast. Then pour just enough to fill the rim which encircles the bottom of the saucer. Blow a little with your breath over the wet plaster to remove all air bubbles. Lay in at the top a doubled piece of your narrow ribbon for a loop to hang up by, pouring a little plaster over to hold it in securely. Let this cast set for a half hour, then by soaking in tepid water two or three minutes it will readily slip out.

Larger casts can be made in a pie or dinner-plate. Panels can be made by having a board the required size planed smooth, and pouring the plaster on board, and then smoothing with a case knife dipped in water. It is better still to use a school slate for making these panel casts.

When they are perfectly dry varnish with the "enamel," using a good-sized brush, and blending it smooth. Let enamel dry well, and then decorate in oil colors. A pretty design for a panel, size 8x10, would be perforated pattern No. 1119, size 6x9. daisies, wheat and forget-me-nots. Enamel your panel with white for this design. Sable brushes Nos. 2, 3 and 5, and the following tube oil colors will be needed. Silver white, lemon yellow, chrome yellow No. 1, permanent blue, light zinnaber green, emerald green. As panel will be white no body color will be needed. Paint the daisy petals with white, using a little rectified turpentine to blend down the color; or a little pale drying oil is useful for mixing colors for work on these panels or plaques. Paint the daisy centers (after the petals are dry), with chrome and lemon yellow mixed. Paint the wheat with darker yellow, with shadings of white and emerald green mixed. Paint the forget-me-nots with permanent blue lightened with white. For the centers use a dot of lemon yellow. Do not take too much paint up on your brush; it makes the work look rough to lay it on too heavy. Questions in regard to this department will be cheerfully answered if accompanied by four cents postage to cover cost of reply. Numerous requests are sent to me on postal cards, requiring lengthy letters of explanation. The time and directions given are not charged for, but paper, envelopes and postage must hereafter be considered. I wish to say to those parties who sent me postage for catalogues of stamping patterns and failed to get them (owing to several months continued illness) that on receipt of a postal card from them, giving name and address plainly, I will send printed instructions for painting a new and beautiful design. This offer applies only to those who sent the required postage for catalogue. To any new parties who may desire the instructions for painting "Little girl and dog in fancy costume," I will send them on receipt of name and address plainly written and four two-cent stamps.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Randolph county, Ind.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and s, slip and bind; t to, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; o l st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

KNITTED LACE.—Cast on 14 stitches—1st row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—(o—n) 4 times—k 1. 2d row—o—k across plain. 3d row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 2—(o—n) 4 times—k 1. 4th, 6th, 8th and 10th rows—same as second row. 5th row—same as 3d row, only k 3 instead of k 2. 7th row—same as 3d row, only k 4, instead of k 2. 9th row—same as 3d row, only k 5, instead of k 2. 11th row—same as 3d row, only k 6 instead of k 2. 12th row—cast off 5—knit remaining stitches plain—repeat from beginning.—MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Wasco County, Oregon.

BRAID EDGING.—Cut the braid the length required. Use a fine steel hook and No. 30 cotton. Make 4 d c in first point of braid—ch 3—2 d c in under part of next point—3 ch and 4 d c in next point and so on to the end of the braid—turn—make 4 d c on the last 4 d c and 2 d c on the first 2 of ch 3—ch 2—2 d c on last 2 c h of next ch 3—4 d c on 4 d c of last row—2 d c on next 2 ch of ch 3, and so on to the end of the row—turn and make 1 d c on every 3d st of last row, with 2 ch between—turn and repeat the last row. Make picots of 5 ch each for edge of scallop, catching in the braid between each one.—*Home Journal.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

A TALK ABOUT STEPMOTHERS.—Did anybody ever hear of a good one? Is there a person living who has not heard of many awfully bad ones? Why are they all cross? As I know a good many of the above class, and have lived in the same house with one for the last 10 years, having known her from childhood up, and having known her stepchildren and their folks several years before they became hers, I will endeavor to answer the latter question myself. In the first place, they are not all cross, although they bear that unenviable reputation; but most of them are. As my friend is, I'll use her case as an illustration. I first knew her as a loving, obedient, but very sensitive child. She became ambitious to do good, to bless her fellow-creatures and to climb heavenward. Duty and poverty kept her from obtaining the high education and fulfilling the high position she sought, yet she did the best she could, and her praise was on many tongues. Being disappointed in love, she finally gave her hand in marriage to a widower, of whom her parents approved, thereby to be the means of leading himself and his sweet little motherless ones to Christ, for girl-like she trusted in his fair promises, believed his flattering words, thinking she whom he claimed to love so well might have a good influence over him. He bore a good reputation, was called honest, upright, energetic and temperate.

For a time all went smoothly. But then she was a stepmother. He knew that; his children knew it; their relations knew it; the neighbors knew it; they all took pains to inform the little ones of the fact. They were often told what an awful, hateful, cross thing a stepmother was. Folks were watching like busy-bodies were on the look-out for some thing to say. Some one would tell the children to stand up for their rights—not mind her! Others would tell them she just married their father for her own money, and to have them wait on her, and if they were in their places they'd let her wait on herself. If she made a new dress for the girls, it was too long or too short (according to their friends' words). If she braided a child's hair, it should have been curled. If she refused to let them go just where they wished, all the uncles, aunts and neighbors blamed her. If she allowed them to go, her husband blamed her. Little children came to their home; the older ones called them half-brats. Urged on by acquaintances, the step-children did all they could to aggravate her.

When she appealed to their father to correct them for persistent disobedience and disrespect, he replied that he did not believe in punishing children (this in their presence). So they grew more disobedient and saucy. The neighbors advised her to punish them. They brought many complaints to her about the children's wrong-doing at school and elsewhere. Finally, thinking it absolutely necessary to act as well as speak against their wrong-doings, she whipped one of the children. Then the father instantly took the child's part, saying she was always finding fault with it, and that the example of wrong-doing had been set before the child by older people (which was true, for he set it); so after that if she remonstrated with them they simply informed her that she'd better shut up, for they'd do worse if she didn't keep still. If she threatened to punish, they said they'd tell "pa." Finally, seeing that her husband did not love her since the honeymoon was over, that he failed to keep his promises, and that she had no influence over him whatever, that her usefulness as a servant of Christ was much impaired by failing health, family cares and trouble, and that she was nothing but her husband's slave, while she could not please him, and seeing only a life of drudgery and fault finding in store for her, she grew discouraged, morose and untidy, as well as unsympathetic. This made her husband angry, so he neglected and misused her, which made her desperate. Crazed by his conduct, and the taunts of her step-children, who had been taught to sass and disobey her, she punished them severely, then repenting, for she truly loved the children, to whom she had tried to fulfil a mother's duty, she begged their pardon. But there was no love in their hearts for the step-mother whose blood did not flow in their veins, whom they had always been taught to regard as a tyrant. They made faces and spit at her. Angered by the punishment they talked about her to all their relations, neighbors and acquaintances, telling only one side of the story and exaggerating that. The children received all the sympathy, she all the blame. Finally they not only did everything she tried to teach them was wrong and refused to do what they knew to be right, but when she undertook to protect her babes whom they slapped and abused, they threatened her with a butcher-knife or club.

Now I saw this with my own eyes and the girl who shook the knife was larger and stronger than her poor, sick, neglected, hated, despised, abused, hungry and half-crazy step-mother.

Yes, she's cross. If there is a man who reads this, contemplating taking some innocent, sweet, lovely, kind-hearted girl to his home as a step-mother, let me ask him in the name of Jesus not to win her by false promises. And if any of the readers have a neighbor who is a down-trodden step-mother, do not believe all the lies any one tells about her, and for pity's sake don't put her step-children up to be mean; they'll be mean enough at best and she'll have trouble enough. And if any step-daughter or son should read this let me ask you for the sake of the dear-beloved mother, whom you hope to meet in heaven, not to worry your step-mother and don't get angry if she punishes you. Remember most own mothers correct their children, and with the rod at that. A step-daughter ought to make the best step-mother in the world, but I know one whom the folks say was so cross that both her step-children had to leave home. She was cross but she had much occasion for it.

Now, dear children, please consider this. The woman who loves your father enough to take upon herself not only the care of a household but of motherhood to his children, accepting the despised title and position of "step-mother" to care for the motherless, is not only human but is kind and good. Try to be obedient, respectful and loving to her, for she needs your love, your help and your sympathy, and God will abundantly bless you for your patience and kindness.

Finally, Christians all, be careful not to lay a stumbling block in the way of the step-mother, for God sees all things and will reward you and I according to our works.—A SERVANT OF THE KING.

FROM AN OLD FRIEND.—It has been six years since I had a chat with you. I was then "miserable," some of you will remember. Dear sister requested me to make it known to THE BLADE when I reached the sunshine- I did not do so at once, for many reasons, but now I have no mother-in-law, though she still lives, and is more unhappy than she was with us, but I am happy. I love the HOUSEHOLD and the recipes contained therein much. I was a long time without THE BLADE and missed it terribly, but we take it now. Away down in Florida, just think, sisters, where your kind advice is to go to. I try to get others here to take it, but everything is so Democratic, I have made poor progress in that direction. Sister, did any of you see an advertisement in the spring that promised to send two papers six months and a featherbone corset for 25 cents? I sent the money, but never heard of the corset. I want one, just that kind, so much. Am taking this means to know if any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD have been favored with a correct reply to their order, if so, please say so through THE BLADE, and if you got the corset, is it as good as represented? I am more in love with our editor's style than ever. Am lonely sometimes, but not homesick. Hope this will not be left out.—FLORIDA.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one send the pattern of a crocheted shoe or boot for a baby? It is wanted at once.—MRS. C. E.

Does any one in the HOUSEHOLD know of a little girl from 8 to 12 years old that would like a home in Kansas? A good Christian lady at this place wants such a one, and it will be a good home for a child.—MRS. NASH, Winona, Logan county, Kan.

Will some one please send plain directions for the star stitch used in crocheting toboggans?—A READER.

Will some one send the address of the man who, in an advertisement in THE BLADE (I do not know what number, but it was within a year) stated that he had Japanese gold and silver fish for sale at $1.50 per dozen, to Angus Wright, Berwick, Col. county, Pa.? P. O. box 184.

Can't some one send a good, reliable recipe for making sugar cured hams?—C. K.

Your first inquiry involved an exchange which we cannot publish.—ED.

Would some one tell me through THE BLADE a cure for soft corns? At present I am almost a cripple with one. Tell me some cure.—MARIGOLD.

Will the lady who gave the cure for perspiration under the arms tell what kind of powder to mix with pulverized alum?—IGNORANCE.

Will any of the sisters please tell me what I can do to make cider vinegar? I have two large barrels of cider a year old and I have tried everything I could think of to make vinegar of it, but it will not ferment. If some one will tell me what to do, it will confer a great kindness.—ELSIE HAY.

Will some one please give directions for transferring pictures to glass? Also how to make California beer, or where I can get some of the beer seed?—A READER.

Will some of the readers of THE BLADE, who are members of the White Cross or White Shield—if there are any who are members—tell me something of these societies?—MISS HATTIE COLLINS, Cotton Valley, La.

The editor gave a sketch of this work two or three weeks ago. If any one can give practical working of the societies, with reference to their formation, etc., it will be welcome.—ED.

Will some of the kind readers of THE BLADE please send some pretty patterns in the cross-stitch design for working dresses or aprons? I get very much interested in THE HOUSEHOLD. I would also like to know some pretty pattern for making fancy mittens; also, how to make the star stitch in crocheting.—VIDA VINE.

It is difficult to send cross-stitch designs because illustrations are needed which are burdensome to make.—ED.

I would like to ask the readers of THE BLADE if they know of a remedy for a sore mouth, where the mucus membrane is irritated and inflamed, and the little glands of the tongue are enlarged and very painful?

Also, if they know of an institution where children partially deaf can be taught.—A SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

F. T. L.: It is the proper thing for you to send your card to the lady you desire to see, if a servant opens the door to you. If, however, "a member of the family or the lady herself" admits you, the card should not be presented, unless you are a stranger, in which case it is etiquette to do so, that she may see your name at a glance.

If the wedding is a large one, you need send neither acceptance nor regrets, but must call upon the parents within ten days. If the number invited be limited, then regrets must be sent to the parents in whose name the invitation is given. No acceptance is necessary unless R. S. V. P. is upon the card inviting you.

Send your gift, with a card, to the bride only.

A letter of acknowledgement to the parents, conveying your congratulations to the bride through them, would be proper, when they reside in a distant city, and the marriage is announced to you by cards.

MONTANA MAY has discontinued writing for THE BLADE at present, and it will be useless to send letters to this office for her. —ED.

If Anna M. Groff will use mullein leaf tea, sweetened, three or four times a day, or even oftener, I think it will relieve those suffering with whooping cough.—E. C. S.

Some time ago I had published in THE BLADE that if "Myrtle" would send me her address I would send her directions for hair guards. I have received a number of letters and have answered all who sent me stamped envelopes, and would like to tell the rest through THE BLADE that MRS. Charles Merrill's directions in THE BLADE of August 22 are the same as mine, with a very few exceptions. I use a little more hair and a knitting needle, instead of wire; then it does not need to be fastened to the ceiling, if the weight is just heavy enough to carry the work even (or nearly so) with the top of the board. The cord should be put in with the needle, as it makes a neater job than to put it in after it is made. Move strands from right to left.—MRS. M. A. KAUPP, Odessa, Mo., Lafayette Co.

As I have had some experience in butter making I would like to ask the sisters who have batter to make and cannot afford a butter worker to try a nice smooth bread board and rolling pin and report success. —MRS. H. C. B.

Tell the lady who wants to know how to help butter from sticking, to rub bowl and ladle with soft soap.

Tell the lady that wants to know how to make husk mats to tie a bunch of husks together the size she wants her braid by the big end, and then braid in three strands only every time she turns the right hand strand to lay a fresh husk on with the big end standing up.—MRS. R. A. WYCHOFF.

J. F. Glasgow: The best way that we know to clean a black coat that is considerably soiled, is to use gasoline. Take a black silk cloth and saturate it and rub on the soiled spots. Do not be chary of the gasoline, but use it plentifully.—ED.

In the HOUSEHOLD one of the sisters wanted to know how to get rid of lice on canary birds. Get oil of sassafras and put three drops in the bath dish twice a week. Do not put in more than three drops, if you do, it will make the bird sick.—NELLIE

RECIPES.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—Four qts. green tomatoes; 8 medium-sized onions; 1 qt. vinegar; 2 cupfuls granulated sugar; 1 tablespoonful each of salt, pepper and ground mustard; 2 teaspoonfuls each of whole allspice and cloves; 1 teaspoonful of mace; peel and slice the onions; slice, but do not peel, the tomatoes; dissolve the sugar in the vinegar, and pour this over the tomatoes, onions and spices. Heat gradually, and simmer until the vegetables are tender. Stir every now and then to prevent scorching. Put up in pint or quart jars. This is a delicious pickle, and one that is less known than its merits deserve.

RIPE TOMATO PICKLE.—This is made just as is the green tomato, except that the mustard and onions are omitted, and that the proportion of sugar is diminished to 1 cupful instead of 1 qt. The juice of the ripe tomatoes supplies the dficiency.

PICKLED QUINCES.—Peel and core the quinces If small, cut them into quarters; if very large, into eighths. As the reader probably knows, excellent jelly may be made from the cores and skins of the quince. Weigh the pared fruit, and take sugar in the proportion of ¾ of a pound of this to every pound of the fruit. Arrange the quinces and sugar in alternate layers in a preserving kettle, and bring them slowly to a boil. To every five pounds of fruit and sugar together allow a cupful of strong vinegar and a teaspoonful each of whole cinnamon, cloves, and mace. When the syrup boils, add the spices and vinegar, and quinces, and, with a perforated spoon remove the fruit and spread it on flat dishes, leaving the syrup in the kettle until it has boiled thick. Pack air-tight glass jars with the fruit, fill to overflowing with the boiling syrup, and screw the tops on tightly.

Pears, peaches, plums, and crab-apples are all good pickled according to the above recipe.—ED.

HOW TO PREPARE MANGOES FOR USE.—Use a narrow-bladed knife, a pocket-knife will do, cut all around the top stem, and remove the seeds and other particles inside. Throw into salt water and let stand twenty-four hours, then stuff with cabbage prepared as follows: Cut your cabbage, season with salt and pepper, and sprinkle mustard seed in it. Stuff as tight as you can, and place them tightly in a jar and pour over them cold vinegar, and put a light weight on them. Let me say, we make them half peppers and half green tomatoes, stuffed, and they are the best, for they are not so strong. I will send other recipes similar to this one, if the editor desires.—C. K.

We shall be glad to have them.—ED.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

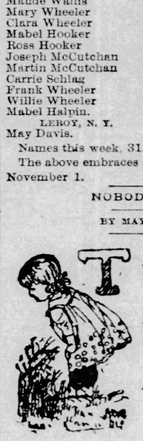
OAKDAM, IND.	NO PLACE GIVEN.
Katie Hooker	Edna Hopkins
Dekress Hooker	Charles Hopkins
Sallie McCutchan	Ida Loyd
Belle Wallis	Minnie Petry
Maude Wallis	Talitha Petry
Mary Wheeler	Susan Seaver
Clara Wheeler	Omie Petry
Mabel Hooker	Rosa Shaver
Ross Hooker	Minnie Preyne
Joseph McCutchan	Nancy Loyd
Martin McCutchan	Annie Fisher
Carrie Schlag	William Shaver
Frank Wheeler	Lester Shaver
Willie Wheeler	Emma Shaver
Mabel Halpin.	Bertie Shaver.
LEROY, N. Y.	
May Davis.	

Names this week 31. Total, 27,627.

The above embraces all names received up to November 1.

NOBODY ELSE.

BY MAY HODGES.



TWO little hands, so careful and brisk,
Putting the tea things away;
While mother is resting awhile in her chair,
For she has been busy all day.
And the dear little fingers are working for love,
Although they are tender and wee;
"I'll do it so nicely," she said to herself—
"There's nobody else, you see."

Two little feet just scampering up-stairs,
For daddy will quickly be here;
And his shoes must be ready and warm by the fire,
That is burning so bright and so clear.
Then she must climb on a chair to keep watch,
"He cannot come in without me;
When mother is tired I open the door—
There's nobody else, you see."

Two little arms round daddy's dear neck,
And a soft, downy cheek 'gainst his own;
For out of the nest, so cosy and bright,
The little one's mother has flown.
She brushes the tear-drops away as she thinks,
"Now lie has no one but me,
I mustn't give way; that would make him so sad—
And there's nobody else, you see."

Two little tears on the pillow, just shed,
Dropped from the two pretty eyes;
Two little arms stretching out in the dark,
Two little faint sobbing cries.
"Daddy forgot I was always waked up
When he slipped good-night to me.
"O mother, come back, just to kiss me in bed—
There's nobody else, you see."

Little true heart, if mother can look
Out from her home in the skies,
She will not pass on to her haven of rest
While the tears dim her little one's eyes.
If God has shed sorrow around us just now,
Yet His an shine is ever to be;
And He is the comfort for every one's pain—
There's nobody else, you see.
—*Woman's Illustrated World.*

BLIND MILLY-JANE'S BROTHER.

BY WILLIAM PERRY BROWN.

I.

THE old toll-gate seemed to be a place for restful dreaming rather than of restless living. Even the rumble of a wagon served to mark, more than to disturb, the silence that prevailed. At such sounds Aunt Narsy would look up from her easy chair and say: "That's a team a-comin', Milly-Jane."

Then Milly would go out to the lever bar in the piazza and appear to watch the coming wagon. But, though she moved lightly, her steps and gestures seemed uncertain. In her mild, gray eyes was a helpless, wavering look, that is only seen when those "windows of the soul" are forever closed.

For Milly-Jane was blind. It must not be thought, though, that she was idle or fretful, or helpless or sad. Her slender fingers, alive with the keenest sense of touch, were very busy. There was knitting, sewing and general housework.

The kitchen garden behind the house was also part of her care. Had her eyes really feasted upon the rich green of the growing plants, she would not have handled them with greater nicety. It looked as if, between the sharp hoe and the tender shoots, a mutual trust and care were exchanged, yet the source was in Milly's heart, that was tender toward every living thing.

Aunt Narsy was fat and sluggish; Uncle Solon hardly ever stayed at the house. Thus it fell to Milly to attend to the gate. But since the building of the railroad, travel had decreased until the task was easy, even for her.

The sound of the great wagons was to the blind girl a never-failing source of interest. They came from the great world's strange, far-off life, and they crept down into it again, bringing noise and bustle for a moment and leaving silence behind. She never tired of listening to the stamping horses, the rattling wheels, the strange voices that marked each slow passage. Even the long, white road had its unseen attraction. It stretched from town to town—a great vein of the world's life, sweeping by, yet barely touching her own.

When the teams would halt for a rest, Milly-Jane took great interest in the tired wayfarers, the more so if families of "movers" were along. She would nurse the babies, bring sweet cakes for the children and water for the mothers, and listen eagerly to their talk.

She always felt as if she knew these people, and it was pleasant to see how they seemed to like her gentle interest in their behalf. When they were leaving she would look after them and listen, as if old friends were going out of her life.

One night two men came in a buggy and stopped for supper. One—a mere youth—sat on the porch wrapped in a cloak, with his hat pulled over his eyes. The other talked to Uncle Solon in the dining room, but kept an eye on the first, saying that he, himself, was a constable and had the lad under arrest on quite a serious charge.

"He do declare, though, that he ain't guilty; but—bless ye!—they usually all does that."

"He'll eat a bit, I reckon?" asked Aunt Narsy, not wanting to see any one go hungry.

"Says he don't want nothin'. I ast him to come in, but he seem'd back'ard, 'nd I low'd I'd humor him."

Milly-Jane was listening. She did not say anything, but she stole out with a cup of coffee and a biscuit. As she drew near, feeling before her with one hand, the lad turned his head away.

"Mebbe if you'd eat something," she said, "you'd feel better."

"No," he returned, coldly, "I'm obliged to ye, but—I don't want anything."

There was a lantern over the gate, and its rays shone fully upon her sightless eyes. As she turned to go back, the lad said interestedly, "Are you blind?"

Something in his voice startled her; she seemed to listen closely, then she smiled.

"Yes—but I don't mind it. Everybody is so kind."

"Did you always live here?" he asked.

"I was raised up in the Blue Ridge—under old Snow Bird Mountain. But after mother died, brother Ned went off. Then Uncle Solon came and took me away."

The boy uttered a groan.

"I am afraid you ain't well," she said. "Do try 'nd eat a bit."

"No—no—I can't," he replied in a low tone. "So you had a brother named Ned?"

"Yes—I was little then. Ned was older, but—he was such a good brother."

She had turned her face, but he saw tears in the gentle, unseeing eyes. He muttered something and strove to rise, but sank back again.

"What's that?" cried Milly-Jane. "I ast your pardon, but I thought—I thought—"

"How—what do you mean?"

"I don't know. Talking of Ned set me to fancy'ing things, I reckon. I'm always a-lookin' for him back."

"Ned yet you can't see," said the lad in a broken voice.

"There's some things I can look for 'thout bein' able to see," she returned, in a gently reproving tone.

"Do you reckon he'll ever come?"

"I'm most sure on it. Uncle Solon says not; but ever since I was big enough to know; I've ast God to send him 'nd—some time—he'll be obleeged to come."

The young man's face sank still lower. At last he said:

"S'pose—when he do come—he—he comes like me?"

"He won't be that way," she replied quietly. "Ned mout be wild, but he wouldn't do in no sech way." Then she laid her hand upon his cloak. "Mebbe you didn't reely—do—anything?"

"No—no!" he cried. "I've been reckless, but I never did what they think I did." There was a pause, then he asked, "If you'r brother should ever come back, what would you want him to do?"

"I'm quite happy here," she said, softly, "but—I think—I'd like for Ned 'nd me to be together again, always, just as we used to be. He's been gone a master while. Sometimes I wonder how old he'll be when I see him again."

The prisoner sighed so deeply as to again draw her attention

"You're very poorly. If you'd only eat—"

"Milly—Milly-Jane," called Aunt Narsy from the kitchen. "What's gone with the child?"

"I must go," she said; but as she put out her hands to return, he moved suddenly, then restrained himself.

"Milly-Jane," he whispered, "don't you forget your brother Ned. Don't ye stop looking for him! One of these days he'll come back—he may need you wuss 'n you do him."

The constable and Uncle Solon bustled into the piazza and Milly, with these words ringing strangely in her ears, went into the house.

"Better stay all night," said the gate-keeper.

"No, I must keep on to Danville to-night. I always feel safer when I've got my man under lock 'nd key."

The buggy rolled away. The blind girl wondered at herself, that she had spoken so freely of her brother to a stranger.

"But somehow that pore boy made me think of Ned," she reflected. "God ain't hard-hearted. He'll fetch my brother back —some time."

II.

At the little town of Scooby, in North Carolina, a young man lay in jail waiting for his trial. He denied his guilt, though he owned that he had led a wild, unsettled life. He told a straight story about the horse he was charged with taking, but was not believed, as the animal itself could not be found.

One day a stranger rode up to the court house, went in and asked for the sheriff. Taking the officer aside, he said:

"This boy you have in all here is not guilty. He hired that horse for me; but you haven't got the nag yet, I guess?"

"No, we haven't; but—"

"Look outside and see if that is not the animal."

"That certainly is Jim Forster's horse or it's shadder," said the sheriff, somewhat perplexed. "The lad told a straight tale, but we did not know how true it was."

"Just so; but he is clear. If anyone is to blame, it's I. I'm ready to pay all costs and charges."

"Well—but who are you?"

"Here are papers that will prove who and what I am. You see, there has been some oil-boring going on down in these hills, and I was sent down from the North by a rival company to watch things. I lay around quiet for a month, when they made a strike. I was thirty miles from rail or telegraph, and had to get there at once to send the news. So I got this lad, whom none of you knew, to hire the best horse to be had for love or money. Then I took the horse, paid him off and we parted. When I got to Knock Ridge, the nearest station, I found I would have to go on to Richmond. I left the horse, wrote back to Foster, and went on by rail. Next, I read in the papers that the horse was missing and the poor boy in jail under the charge of taking it; so back I came to Knock Ridge, got the horse, and here I am. I guess my letter must have gone wrong, as no one had been to get the nag."

These facts being proved and the charges paid, the youth was at once released. Then the stranger, whose name was Derrick, took the boy aside and said:

"My lad, I'm sorry I was the means of getting you into a scrape, for you did me a favor. If you care to go North with me and buckle down to steady work, I'll put you in the way of making a man of yourself."

"I'll go," said the lad, "on one condition."

"I hope it is a good one."

"So do I, sir. I've been goin' down hill 'nd 'nd 'nd, but the other day I met some one who has always believed in me through thick 'nd thin. If I go with you it is only to come back by 'nd by, when I've done something to show her—God bless her!—that she was right."

The shrewd Northern man looked puzzled, but soon smiled and held out his hand.

"I see no harm in that. Only stick to this resolve and you'll come out all solid yet."

III.

It was wsnter at the toll gate. With bad weather and worse roads the tolls decreased and times grew harder. Aunt Narsy, fleshy and half-helpless, did little else but worry. Uncle Solon's view of things was now more gloomy than ever. If Milly did not despond, it was because of a hope time had

Talmage's Sermon.

A SERMON BEFORE HE SAILS.

He Feels the Inspiration of the Holy Land Which He Proposes to Visit—Good Practical Applications of Some Well-Known Bible Precepts.

NEW YORK, ON BOARD THE CITY OF PARIS, Oct. 29.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., of Brooklyn, on his embarkation for the Holy Land, by the steamer City of Paris, addressed his millions of friends through the press, taking for his text Acts xxi. 38: "And they accompanied him unto the ship." His sermon is printed below at full length.

To the more than twenty-five million people in many countries to whom my sermons come week by week, in English tongue and by translation through the kindness of the newspaper press, I address these words. I dictate them to a stenographer on the eve of my departure for the Holy Land, Palestine. When you read this sermon I will be mid-Atlantic. I go to be gone a few weeks on a religious journey. I go because I want for myself and hearers and readers to see Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and Jerusalem, and Calvary, and all the other places connected with the Saviour's life and death, and so re-enforce myself for sermons. I go also because I am writing the "Life of Christ," and can be more accurate and graphic when I have been in eye witness of the sacred places. Pray for my successful journeying and my safe return.

I wish on the eve of departure to pronounce a loving benediction upon all my friends in high places and low, upon congregations to whom my sermons are read in absence of pastors, upon groups gathered out on prairies, and in mining districts, upon all sick and invalid and aged ones who cannot attend church, but to whom I have long administered through the printed page. My next sermon will be addressed to you from Rome, Italy, for I feel like Paul when he said: "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also." The fact is that Paul was ever moving about on land or sea. He was an old sailor—not from occupation, but from frequency of travel. I think he could have taken a vessel across the Mediterranean as well as some of the ship captains. The sailors never scoffed at him for being a "land lubber." If Paul's advice had been taken, the crew would never have gone ashore at Melita.

Paul on the Ocean.

When the vessel went scudding under bare poles Paul was the only self-possessed man on board, and, turning to the excited crew and despairing passengers, he exclaims, in a voice that sounds above the thunder of the tempest and the wrath of the sea, "Be of good cheer."

The men who now go to sea with maps, and charts, and modern compass, warned by buoy and lighthouse, know nothing of the perils of ancient navigation. Horace said that the man who first ventured on the sea must have had a heart bound with oak and triple brass. People then ventured only from headland to headland, and from island to island so long after spread their sail for a voyage across the sea. Before starting, the weather was watched, and the vessel having been hauled up on the shore, the mariners placed their shoulders against the stern of the ship and heaved it off—they, at the last moment, leaping into it.

Vessels were then chiefly ships of burden—almost no passengers being the exception; for the world was not then migratory, as in our day, when the first desire of a man in one place seems to be to get into another place. The ship from which Jonah was thrown overboard, and that in which Paul was carried prisoner, went out chiefly with the idea of taking a cargo. As now, so then, vessels were sometimes named for a flag. In those times it was inscribed with the name of a heathen deity. A vessel bound for Syracuse had on it the inscription, "Castor and Pollux." The ships were provided with anchors. Anchors were of two kinds—those that were dropped into the sea, and those that were thrown up on to the rocks to hold the vessel fast. The last kind was what Paul alluded to when he said: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail." That was what the sailors call a "hook anchor." The rocks and sand bars, shoals and headlands not being mapped out, vessels carried a plumb line. They would find bottom at 50 fathoms, and drop it again and find it 40 fathoms, and drop it again and find it 30 fathoms, thus discovering their near approach to the shore.

In the spring, summer and autumn the Mediterranean sea was white with the wings of ships, but at the first wintry blast they hied themselves to the nearest harbor; although some of the world's most fierce tempests in January as well as in June, and in midwinter all over the wide and stormy deep there float palaces of light, trampling the billows under foot and showering the sparks of terrible furnaces on the wild wind; and the Christian passenger, tippeted and shawled, sits under the shelter of the smokestack, looking off upon the magnificent deep, on which is written in scrolls of foam and fire: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters!"

It is in those days of early navigation that I see a group of men, women and children on the beach of the Mediterranean. Paul is about to leave the congregation to whom he had preached, and they have come down to see him off. It is a solemn thing to part. There are so many traps that wait for a man's feet. The solid ground may break through, and the sea—how many dark mysteries it hides in its bosom! A few counsels, a hasty good-bye, a last look, and the ropes rattle, and the sails are hoisted, and the planks are hauled in, and Paul is gone. I expect to see over some of the same waters over which Paul sailed, but before going I want to urge you all to embark for heaven.

The church is the dry dock where souls are to be fitted out for heaven. In making a vessel for this voyage the first need is sound timber. The floor timbers ought to be of solid stuff. For the want of it, vessels that looked able to run their ribbeons into the eye of any tempest, when caught in a storm have been crushed like a wafer. The truths of God's Word are what I mean by floor timbers. Away with your lighter materials. Nothing but oaks, hewn in the forest of divine truth, are staunch enough for this craft.

Striking Maritime Similes.

You must have love for a helm, to guide and turn the craft. Neither pride, nor ambition, nor avarice will do for a rudder. Love, not only in the heart, but flashing in the eye and tingling in the hand—love consecrated to work, which many look upon as so homely a bride—love, not like brooks which foam and rattle yet do nothing, but love like a river that runs up the steps of mill wheels and works in the harness of factory bands—love that will not pass by on the other side, but visits the man who fell among thieves near Jericho, not merely saying: "Poor fellow you are dreadfully hurt," but, like the good Samaritan, pours in oil and wine and pays his board at the tavern. There must also be a prow, arranged to cut and override the billow. That is Christian perseverance.

There are three monitory surges that sometimes dash against a soul in a minute—the world, the flesh, and the devil; and that is a well built prow that can bound over them. For lack of this, many have put back and never started again. It is the broadside wave that often sweeps the deck and fills the hatches; but that which strikes in front is harmless. Meet troubles courageously and you surmount them. Stand on the prow, and, as you wipe off the spray of the spirit surge, cry out with the apostle: "None of these things move me." Let all your fears stay aft. The right must conconquer. Know that Moses, in an ark of bulrushes, can run down a war steamer.

The Anchor of Hope.

Have a good, strong anchor. "Which hope we have as an anchor." By this strong cable and windlass, hold on to your anchor. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father." Do not use the anchor wrongfully. Do not always stay in the same latitude and longitude. You will never ride up the harbor of Eternal Rest if you all the way drag your anchor.

But you must have sails. Vessels are not fit for the sea until they have the flying jib, the foresail, the topgallant, the skysail, the gaffsail, and other canvas. Faith is our canvas. Hoist it, and the winds of heaven will drive you ahead. Sails made out of any other canvas than faith will be slit to tatters by the first northeaster. Strong faith never lost a battle. It will crush foes, blast rocks, quench lightnings, thresh mountains. It is a shield to the warrior, a crank to the most ponderous wheel, a lever to pry up pyramids, a drum whose beat gives strength to the step of the heavenly soldiery, and sails to waft ships laden with priceless pearls from the harbor of earth to the harbor of heaven.

But you are not yet equipped. You must have what seamen call the running rigging. This comprises the ship's braces, halliards, clew lines and such like. Without these the yards could not be braced, the sails lifted nor the canvas in anyway managed. We have prayer for the running rigging. Unless you understand this tackling you are not a spiritual seaman. By pulling on these ropes you hoist the sails of faith and turn them every whither. The prow of courage will not cut the wave, nor the sail of faith spread and flap its wing, unless you have strong prayer for a halliard.

One more arrangement and you will be ready for the sea. You must have a compass—which is the Bible. Look at it every day, and always sail by it, and its needle points toward the Star of Bethlehem. Through fog and darkness and storm it works faithfully. Search the Scriptures, "Box the compass."

Let me give you two or three rules for the voyage. Allow your appetites and passions only an under deck passage. Do not allow them ever to come up on the promenade deck. Mortify your members which are upon the earth. Never allow your lower nature anything better than a steerage passage. Let watchfulness walk the decks as an armed sentinel, and shoot down with great promptness anything like a mutiny of riotous appetites.

Be sure to look out of the forecastle for icebergs. These are cold Christians floating about in the church. The frigid-zone professors will sink you. Steer clear of icebergs. Keep a log book during all the voyage—an account of how many furlongs you make a day. The merchant keeps a day book as well as a ledger. You ought to know every night as well as every year, how things are going. When the express train stops at the depot you hear a hammer sounding on all the wheels, thus testing the safety of the rail-train. Bound, as we are, with more than express speed toward a great eternity, ought we not often to try the work of self-examination?

Be sure to keep your doors up! You know the ships of England, Russia, France and Spain by the ensigns they carry. Sometimes it is a lion, sometimes an eagle, sometimes a star, sometimes a crown. Let it ever be known who you are, and for what port you are bound. Let "Christian" be written on the very front, with a figure of a cross, a crown and a star; and from the mast head float the streamers of Immanuel. Then the pirate vessels of temptation will pass you unharmed as they say: "There goes a Christian, bound for the port of heaven. We will not disturb her, for she has too many guns aboard." Run up your flag on this pully: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." When driven back, or laboring under great stress of weather—now changing from starboard tack to larboard, and then from larboard to starboard—look above the topgallants, and your heart shall beat like a war drum as the streamers float on the wind. The sign of the cross will make you patient, and the crown will make you glad.

The Voyage to Eternity.

Before you gain port you will smell the land breezes of heaven; and Christ, the Pilot, will meet you as you come into the Narrows of Death, and hasten to you, and say: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Are you ready for such a voyage? Make up your minds. The gang-planks are lifting. The bell rings. All aboard for heaven! This world is not your rest. The chaffinch is the silliest bird in all the earth for trying to make its nest on the rocking billow. Oh, how I wish that as I embark for the Holy Land in the east, all to whom I preach by tongue or type would embark for heaven. What you all most need is God, and you need him now. Some of you I leave in trouble. Things are going very rough with you. You have had a hard struggle with poverty, or sickness or persecution or bereavement. Light after light has gone out, and it is so dark that you can hardly see any blessing left. May that Jesus who comforted the widow of Nain, and raised the deceased to life, with His gentle hand of sympathy wipe away your tears. All is well.

When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best school at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time, a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves. But amidst all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said: "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything that this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were insurmountable, when he says:

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

It is prosperity that kills and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march, amidst great privations and hardships, they behaved well. After awhile, they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a large flock of quails, and these quails fell in great multitudes all about them, and the Israelites ate and ate, and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh! my friends, it is not hardship, or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the failure of trouble that eats up the Christian's life; it is the quails! it is the quails!

I cannot leave you until once more I confess my faith in the Savior whom I have preached. He is my all in all. I owe more to the grace of God than most men. With this ardent temperament, if I had gone overboard I would have gone to the very depths. You know I can do nothing by halves.

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!

I think all will be well. Do not be worried about me. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and if any fatality should befall me, I think I should go straight. I have been most unworthy, and would be sorry to think that any one of my friends had been as unworthy a Christian as myself. But God has helped a great many through, and I hope he will help me through. It is a long account of shortcomings, but if he is going to rub any of it out, I think he will run it all out.

And now give us (for I go not alone) your benedictions. When you send letters across the sea to a distant land, you say via such a city, or via such a steamer. When you send your good wishes to us, send them via the throne of God. We shall not travel out of the reach of your prayers.

There is a scene where spirits dwell,
Where friend holds intercourse with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

And now, may the blessing of God come down upon your bodies and upon your souls, your fathers and mothers, your brothers and sisters, and your friends! May you be blessed in your business and in your pleasures, in your joys and in your sorrows, in the house and by the way! And if, during our separation, an arrow from the unseen world should strike any of us, may it only hasten on the raptures that God has prepared for those who love him! I utter not the word farewell; it is too sad, too formal a word for me to speak or write. But, considering that I have your hand tightly clasped in both of mine, I utter a kind, an affectionate and a cheerful good-by.

What They Are Worth.

J. J. Hill is worth $15,000,000.
E. B. Coxe is worth $20,000,000.
Jay Gould is worth $75,000,000.
J. G. Fair is worth $20,000,000.
A. J. Drexel is worth $20,000,000.
John I. Blair is worth $40,000,000.
P. T. Barnum is worth $5,000,000.
D. W. Bishop is worth $15,000,000.
David Sinton is worth $20,000,000.
W. D. Sloane is worth $18,000,000.
Robert Bonner is worth $6,000,000.
John P. Jones is worth $15,000,000.
Sidney Dillon is worth $15,000,000.
J. W. Mackay is worth $30,000,000.
Philip Armour is worth $25,000,000.
Marshall Field is worth $15,000,000.
Levi P. Morton is worth $10,000,000.
Russell A. Alger is worth $5,000,000.
Claus Spreckles is worth $20,000,000.
Senator Gorman is worth $6,000,000.
James McMillan is worth $10,000,000.
Leland Stanford is worth $40,000,000.
C. P. Huntington is worth $40,000,000.
Andrew Carnegie is worth $40,000,000.
Ex-Senator Palmer is worth $6,000,000.
John Wanamaker is worth $15,000,000.
The Astor family is worth $200,000,000.
George S. Crocker is worth $12,000,000.
John D. Rockefeller is worth $60,000,000.
The Vanderbilt family is worth $230,000,000.

The Farm.

INFORMATION.

Hog Cholera.

Norwegian, Crestline, Kansas: Hog cholera, so-called, may be grouped into three forms, namely: Charbon, anthrax or splenetic fever; contagious pneumo-enteritis; epizootic catarrh. These forms are called hog cholera, not because the symptoms are similar to Asiatic cholera, but because the disease is a malignant epidemic, destroying life. In charbon or anthrax, the most common form in pigs is that known as "white bristle." The throat swells, the swelling extending toward the windpipe, causing difficulty in breathing and swallowing. The animal goes into convulsions and dies from congestion. The disease received its name from the peculiar appearance of the bristles around the throat. There is also the true apoplectic or splenetic form of cholera, causing malignant inflammation of the intestines, such as is known as bloody murrain in cattle, and the variety which attacks the tongue and mouth. It is unnecessary to go into details of symptoms of the forms received, as from that which has been said it may readily be distinguished. The form known as pneumo-enteritis is a contagious inflammation of the lungs and bowels, with red or purple blotches on the skin. In America it is called "purples," or the "blue disease," and in Ireland "red solder." Like charbon or anthrax, it is due to bacillus—a rod-like, minute vegetable organism, found, not in the blood, as in anthrax, but in the serus fluids and tissues. Filthy sty s, drinking water in which there is decaying vegetable substances, wet seasons, swampy feeding grounds, heating food, are predisposing causes of the disease. The erysipeatus form is the most common in this form of so-called hog cholera. The animal loses his appetite, is dull and moves unwillingly. The bowels are at first constipated, the animal coughs, and urinates with difficulty. Next dark red or purple blotches appear, turning into a bluish-black color. The most frequent points of attack are the ears, throat, breast, neck, and under the forelegs. The breathing becomes hard and the hind quarters are palsied. Near the time of death a diarrhea sometimes appears. Malignant sore throat is another form. The throat has a deep red color, as the form noted above. In the form called epizootic catarrh the disease is very fatal. The first symptoms are a short, hoarse cough, difficulty of breathing and paralytic motion of the flanks. The head is held in a stretched and somewhat drooping position. There is frequently running from the nose, and the hog is tottering and stiff. There are signs of fever and the animal makes effort to vomit. Constipation is frequent, but at times there is diarrhea. The second form exhibits a short cough, but less marked, and breathing is not so difficult. Weakness in the hind quarters is more marked, and there is more tottering in the hog. The power of the poison is spent upon the lining of the stomach and bowels, and there is at first costiveness, followed by fetid diarrhea. The animal arches its back from pain. There may also be affection of the brain, and partial or entire blindness, a staggering gait and aimless movements. There may be enlarged glands, and scrofulous ulcerations in different parts of the body. "The duration of the disease," says Dr. Tello, "is from five to fifteen days. In examining the dead body, the lining membranes of the nose and upper throat always are inflamed; from them the redness and swelling extend, in the first form, into the lungs, while in the second, which are generally found inflamed and partially solidified. In the second form, the lining membranes of the intestines are generally inflamed and degenerated; the spleen or milt is nearly always enlarged, dark and soft, and the liver is generally diseased. Watery exudations in the chest and belly are also very common."

Eye Has Bluish Appearance.

J. L. R., Oak Glade, Mo.: The eye of your mule, that was injured last spring, and which is recovering, but has a bluish appearance, may never show its former brightness. The color resulting from inflammation will be difficult to remove. The barbarous plan of attempting to remove the bluish appearance of the eye, by blowing irritating matter into the eye by ignorant persons has been practiced, but it does more harm than good. The blue color hardly ever entirely disappears, but it may be lessened by occasional touches with a stick of nitrate of silver. This should be done by a veterinarian. If there is any sign of inflammation yet in the eye, take of atropia, 4 grs.; water, 1 oz.; mix for lotion and drop about 3 drops in the eye three times daily. Give the animal an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic in drinking water every other day for three weeks, or about ten ounces in all. If there is lingering inflammation, the lotion and arsenic may clear the eyes entirely. The arsenic will strengthen the system, give a good appetite, and may assist nature to throw off the trouble. However, you cannot feel assured that the eye will entirely recover its brightness.

Chickens with Soft Livers.

G. D., Brittain, Ohio: Liver complaint in fowls is not an unusual thing. It results mostly from damp quarters, or exposure to inclement weather. To treat the disease, change the food. Give no corn for two weeks. Give each fowl a full teaspoonful of castor oil. After it has operated, feed wheat, oats boiled, soft feed once a day, and plenty of vegetables. The soft feed should not be sour, as fowls are subject to sour crop, and sloppy, soft feed is a fruitful source of this trouble. Give the fowls comfortable housing, and keep their quarters scrupulously clean. Put Douglas mixture in the water they drink. The mixture named, is: sulphate of iron, ½ pound; suphuric acid, 1 oz.; dissolved in 2 gals. of water. For ten fowls, one-fourth of this in each pint of water. The water given to the fowls should be fresh at all times.

Indigestion in Mare.

M. J. B., Crawford's Corners, Pa.: Your mare is suffering from indigestion. The first thing for you to do will be to examine her mouth carefully to see if there is any decayed teeth, or anything between the teeth to prevent her from masticating her food properly. Next give consideration to her food. Be sure that it is free from mould or other injurious matter. Feed her at regular intervals, groom her well, and she may need no other treatment. If this does not do, give her a pint of raw linseed oil, after which take of bicarbonate of soda and powdered gentian, of each, ½ oz; powdered nux vomica, 15 grains. Give this much as a dose once every day for a week. As you have been giving her condition powders, the trouble may, perhaps, be traced to them. More horses are injured by condition powers, when they are wholly unnecessary, than anything else of which we know.

Thinks He Is Not "Stifled."

W. J. D., Shelbyville, Tenn.: The term "stifled" can only be properly applied to an an animal whose pully bone, or patella, has been dislocated. In such case the horse's dislocation results from a slip and twist, and the animal is unable to move the leg, and it protrudes behind. As your colt was kicked by a horse, it seems from that which you say that your colt is suffering from hip lameness. The kick injured the ligaments around the joint, and the bone may also be involved to a certain extent, which can only be known by examination by a veterinarian. You should for at least two days apply hot water to the parts affected, after which apply this: Kerosene oil, 3 ozs; oil of turpentine, 1 oz.; liquor of ammonia, 1 oz.; spirits of camphor, 1 oz.; alcohol, 3 ozs.; mix in a pint of water and apply twice a day. Give at least a month's rest. If you cannot do this, then there will be but little use for you to do anything. If the above fails, take of powdered cantharides ½ oz., lard 2 ozs. Clip the part with this, then heat with fresh lard and repeat the blister. In case of dislocation, the treatment is to place a piece of carpet around the pastern and tie the end of a long, stout rope also around it; then carry the other part of this rope over a beam. Make the animal stand with his head to this rope as it goes over the beam, and while men pull the rope, and, therefore, the leg, forcibly forward, the palm of the hand is to grasp the patella and push it forward onto its former site.

Contracted Feet—Swelled Ankles.

F. H., Konantz, Kansas: Examine your mule's fore foot for corns. If not found, write us at once. In the meantime give 3½ drachms Barbadoes aloes, powdered, in a pint of warm water. Remove the shoes and poultice the feet for at least a week. Give the following: Nitrate of potash, ½ oz.; powdered colchicum, 1 drachm; oil of turpentine, ½ oz. Mix this with linseed oil, and give at one dose, night and morning, until four doses are taken. Rub the hooves with pine tar, 4 fluid ozs.; whale oil, 4 ozs. This may bring about a cure, but if the animal has navicular disease additional treatment will be necessary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Failure of Poultry Farms.

We know of no poultry farms in England or elsewhere that have not proved disastrous pecuniary failures. We have known many founded under all kinds of conditions, and very many thousands of pounds lost in the attempt. There are no poultry farms in France or Italy, the eggs and chickens being produced by small cultivators. Poultry is a by product; where it can be produced, as it is by the peasants, without extra cost, it is profitable; but it has never yet been proved that it can be made to pay for rent of land and building, good skilled attendance and labor, conveyance to market, and interest on capital. Our advice is not to embark in a pursuit which affords numerous examples of failure and not one of success. The establishments advertised as poultry farms are business for the sale of exhibition poultry at fancy prices, and not farms in the proper sense of the word.—*London Field.*

Care of a Poultry House.

1. Cleanliness. Do not neglect it. Sweep out every morning. After having made everything perfectly neat, spread dry earth or fine ashes under the roost.

2. Keep the nest free from vermin. This can be accomplished with little trouble, if attended to given regularly. The nest should be made up new frequently, at least once a month; and the nest-boxes should have a fresh coating of whitewash at the same time. Put it on while hot.

3. Every two weeks take brush and can and thoroughly paint the roosts with kerosene. Do this once in two months, during the warm season, give the interior of the hen-house a good whitewashing.

4. Provide a dust-bath, and from time to time throw in about half a pound of some effective insect powder.—*Farmer's Magazine.*

The Breeding Boar.

A first-class boar, properly used, would improve a herd more than a equally good sows. For instance, if each of this number of sows had a litter of six pigs, they would produce 180 young ones. If sired by a badly bred boar, more than half the progeny would be inferior to their dams in consequence of the preponderance of the sire. The old truism, that the boar is worth half the herd, is, to-day, more palpable than ever. A person intending to breed pigs should make it his chief business to select a good sire. He should not only visit reputed herds for this purpose, but take notice if the quality of the animals composing them is sufficiently high and uniform. As a general rule it is customary to obtain the sows before the boar is considered, and many people take very little trouble in regard to the latter section. Buyers are too willing to listen to advice which will save them any extra expense.—*James Long.*

Bees and Honey.

In England the Carniolans are the most popular bees, but in this country Italians are the favorites. None discovered as yet combine so many good qualities as these. —*Prairie Farmer.*

Half drone and half workers have been noticed a great many times and frequently mentioned. It is nothing more, I believe, than a freak of nature, or a malformation. —*Gleanings in Bee Culture.*

W. Suter kept 80 swarms of bees through last winter and now has 130. They will produce this season at least 2,500 pounds of comb honey and 600 to 700 of extracted honey, and it has not been a good year out on the prairie.—*News, Fairmont, Minn.*

Our Indian and clover honey is the finest in the world. Shall we then all keep bees to raise honey for our own use? I say no. We are not all adapted to one and the same calling. But many could keep bees profitably who have none now. Fifty pounds extracted honey per colony, spring count, is not a large average crop. I have extracted 200 pounds from a single colony in a season. Fifty pounds at 10c a pound makes $5—a fair profit on an investment of from $6 to $8.—H. H. ROSEBROCK, *Journal*, Owattonna, Minn.

Poultry Keeping.

Is it profitable? How many can answer that question in a satisfactory manner? I wish every one who can, would, for the benefit of those who cannot. Of course, if you keep a large flock of hens that trample down your grain and scratch up your garden, and you only get a half dozen eggs a day, your common sense tells you that they are a damage to you; but if you get "quite a good number of eggs," and they bring a pretty good price, usually, there is a vague idea that they are profitable, although you don't know anything about it. If any reader of this paper would for one year keep a strict account of every dozen of eggs sold, and the price, every chicken raised, and all the eggs used by the family, and an equally strict account of the actual cost of keeping, and then give the public the benefit of their experience, the question would be answered. We find poultry-keeping profitable on a small scale, but have doubts about a larger one. We have thirty-five hens of the Light Brahma breed. Prefer this breed because they are good layers, do not wander, and the chickens mature early and weigh heavily. They have a warm, well-lighted house, kept very clean, in which to roost and lay. Their regular feed is a mixture of corn and barley, and about every other day a six-quart pail of sour milk thickened with oat or corn meal. Every day they are supplied with about half a bushel of small apples to wallow in (a sure preventive for lice), and are watered as regularly as the horses. About once a week they get a pound or two of scraps from the butcher, and they get all the scraps from the table, besides cabbage leaves, potato and apple parings chopped fine, and are constantly supplied with lime. The result is, they lay regularly all winter; we sell fresh eggs at the highest price we can get month in the year, and have abundance for our own use. The cost of keeping does not exceed two dollars any month, and sometimes falls far below that figure.—OLD MAID, *in Ohio Farmer.*

Sheep and Wool.

More sheep are lost by dogs in all of the older states than by all other causes. This is an unnecessary tax.

A few days ago a Montana flockmaster received a draft for a little over $48,000 for his wool clip of this year.

Do not make the sheep shelter too small and compel the sheep to huddle together too closely to get out of the storm and cold.

The American Southdown association offers a special prize of a silver cup worth $50 for the best Southdown wether, to be exhibited at the next Chicago Fat Stock show.

Oats is a better grain feed than corn for ewes. It is not so heating, and contains more of the nitrogenous element so essential in building up the system of the young.

According to *Sheep and Wool* 30½ pounds "is probably the heaviest clean fleece on record." But the American records claims of 52 pounds, the latter only one year's growth.

Every flockmaster must know by this time that it is a constant diet on dry food in winter that plays the mischief with the flock. If you have neither ensilage or roots, feed some oil meal.

Corn must be fed to sheep very sparingly. Not over a pound and a half of corn should be given daily to a good-sized wether. But in addition it must have plenty of nutritious grass or hay.

Sheep should not be compelled to feed at the same rack with cattle. They are liable to be hooked, and a vicious ram may sometimes do injury to cattle. Separate yards and separate racks are safest and best.

Every sheep owner should get acquainted with his flock, so that they will gather around him in confidence, and he may look them over at his leisure. It will save penning them every time he wants to inspect them.

There are more of the "all purpose" qualities in a sheep than in any other single animal. Good mutton, good wool, good breeding qualities, including ample milk for the young, can all be found under one pelt.

"Teetotaller Dick."

Our friends living on farms know the great desire young men have to leave the country and go to the cities; and no doubt many of them can recall sad cases wherein such young men fell under the temptation of drink, and had their lives ruined thereby. We ask all to read the announcement, on the fourth page of this issue, of Col. Knox's new story, "Teetotaller Dick," and aid us in setting before the youth of the land the strongest and most interesting temperance story yet written, by sending us lists of names of persons who might like to read it, to whom we will be glad to send sample copies of THE BLADE with the first chapters of the story. Please do it at once.

What Women Remember.

You never can tell what will fix itself in a woman's memory, but most of the time she remembers only what she wears. I called at a house the other evening where several ladies happened to be calling too, and the conversation turned on opera. Somebody said something about Mme. Albani. "I am so sorry," said one lady. "I did not hear Albani sing." "Yes, you did," said another. "No, I couldn't go, and I was quite broken-hearted." "Indeed you did hear her, because I was there the same night, and I saw you sitting in the dress circle, and you had on that pretty little hat with a pink feather—" "Oh!—so I did. I remember now. Certainly. I heard Albani."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Changes That Have Been Made in Our National Flag—What it Signifies.

It is thirteen years since there have been any alterations in the United States flag. The admission of Colorado in 1876 increased the number of stars to thirty-eight. The addition of four stars for the new states, which are admitted to day, will not interfere with the symmetry of the flag, says the New York *Mail and Express*. Had the original intention of Congress (of adding a star and a stripe for every new state), been carried out, our flag would now be a curious combination.

When the colonists first came to America they brought the flag of Great Britain. This was formed of a union of the three crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, and marked the union of England, Scotland and Ireland.

When the colonies began to rebel against the pressure of British laws, they construed a plain flag without the bars or crosses and placed upon it a rattlesnake cut into thirteen pieces, representing the thirteen colonies, with the motto in large capitals, "Unite or Die." But after the struggle became more united and determined to resist British tyranny, they placed a well-formed rattlesnake on the flag, with the new motto, "Don't tread on me." Benjamin Franklin, on being asked the meaning of that emblem, wrote as follows: "On inquiry and from study, I learned that the ancients considered the serpent an emblem of wisdom, and, as its attributes, of endless duration. Also that countries are often represented by animals peculiar to that country. The rattlesnake is found nowhere but in America. Her eyes is exceedingly bright and without eyelids—emblem of vigilance. She never begins an attack, and she never surrenders—emblem of magnanimity and courage. She never wounds even her enemies until she generously gives them warning not to tread on her—which is emblemtical of the spirit of the people who inhabit her country. She appears apparently weak and defenseless, but her weapons are nevertheless formidable. Her poison is the necessary means for the digestion of her food, but certain destruction to her enemies—showing the power of American resources. Her thirteen rattles, the only part which increases in number, are distinct from each other, and yet so united that they cannot be disconnected without breaking them to pieces, showing the impossibility of an American republic without a union of states. A single rattle or joint alone, is useless, but the whole string of the thirteen together is sufficient to startle the boldest man alive. She is beautiful in youth which increaseth with her age. Her tongue is forked as the lightning, and her abode is among the impenetrable rocks."

The next form of the United States flag was the stars and stripes. The proportions as perfected by Washington, were made, the first and last stripe being red, with alternate stripes of white. The blue field for the stars is the square of the width of seven stripes. On June 14, 1777, the Continental congress resolved "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen white stars on a blue field, representing a new constellation." The stars of the flag represent the idea taken from the constellation Lyra, which signifies harmony. The blue of the field was taken from the brnner of the Covenanters of Scotland, likewise significant of the league and covenant of the united colonies against oppression, and incidentally involving vigilance, perseverance and justice. The stars were disposed in the form of a circle, in token of perpetuity of the Union, the circle being the sign of eternity. Both the thirteen stripes and the stars showed the number of the united colonies and denoted the subordination of the states to, and their dependence upon the Union as well as equality among themselves. The whole was a blending of the previous banners, namely, that of the color, which in the days of Roman glory was the signal of defiance, denoting daring, and the white, purity.

On the 13th of January, 1794, by an act of congress, the flag was altered to fifteen red and white stripes and fifteen stars, there having been two new states added to the Union, and the flag thus altered and enlarged was the one borne through all the contests of the war of 1812. On the 4th of April, 1818, congress again changed the flag by returning to the original thirteen stripes and fifteen stars, as the adding of a new stripe for each additional state would soon make the flag too unwieldy.

Now a new star is added to the flag on the fourth of July following the admission of a new state into the Union. The perfect flag, with its thirteen stripes of white and red, and its blue field, with its fifteen white stars, was unfurled for the first time at the battle of Saratoga, October 7, 1777, by Benedict Arnold, who bore the flag during that important engagement. After his desertion to the American army he carried his uniform and the same flag to England, where he died in poverty and distress in the year 1801.

BOUNCED 180 TIMES.

Beating His Way Across the Continent on a $1,500 Wager.

Kansas City Star.

A man arrived in Kansas City this morning on the California express of the Santa Fe railroad who has travelled on railroads across the continent without having paid a penny for transportation and without having a pass.

A little over three months ago Alfred Senter, of Somersville, Mass., and L. B. Griffin, of Lowell, wagered $1,500. Senter to win the money if he succeeded in "beating" his way from Boston to San Francisco and back, and lose the wager if he paid fare while en route. Edward F. Locke, the referee, was to accompany Senter and his expense were to be borne by the loser.

Senter and Locke arrived in Kansas City this morning. Senter is a hunchback, and appears to be about 20 years of age. Senter said:

"We started out on the evening of July 4 on the Boston & Albany railroad and got to Albany without being put off. My troubles began on the New York Central railroad. I was put off three times the first day, and, of course, Locke had to go with me. Owing to my deformity I was not treated harshly. Fifteen times I was put off trains between Albany and Buffalo. Between Buffalo and Chicago, on the Michigan Southern, I compounded a tale of misery, and in the promise to pay at Detroit was not molested. In order to deceive the officials I sent a bogus telegram to Chicago for money. Altogether I have been ousted from trains 180 times. On the southern roads to California I was allowed to ride long distances. At one time I had to plead with an old lady with tears in my eyes not to pay fare, as that would spoil my chances of winning the bet. I have had several offers to have my fare paid, but Locke's eye was on me and that settled it. I have had a rough experience, and would not undertake to do it again for twice the money wagered. It is all right being put off in a large town where there are good hotels, but to be planted down in a small village in New Mexico with no place to go, is another thing.

The conditions of the wager were that Senter was to travel in first-class passenger coaches all the way. Senter says he will write a book when he reaches home.

THE NAMES OF THE MONTHS.

The Romans are Responsible for the Names as They Are.

In looking up the peculiar names given each of the twelve months of the year, it becomes necessary forus to go back to the old Romans, who have imposed upon us a set of names equally as absurd as those of the Norsemen, Scandinavians and Saxons applied to the week. January is named from Janus, the god of the gates and water, because the month opens the year. Some say that he was a two-faced god and could look back on the last year and forward to the coming.

February is from februo, to purify. March was originally the first month and was named for Mars, the god of war.

April is from aperire, to open, because the buds open in that month.

May is from Maia, a goddess.

June is from Juno, the patron of marriage, and is, therefore, the favorite month for weddings.

July was named for Julius Cæsar, and August for Augustus Cæsar. Originally August had but thirty days and February twenty-nine in the common years and thirty in leap years. Augustus was jealous that Julius's month should have more days than his own, therefore took one from February and added it to August.

September, October, November and December are so called because they were originally the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth months of the year. The names are inappropriate and rank misnomers as now applied.

Tough.

Mrs. Caterer—Of course you know that's a spring chicken, Mr. Carver, but what particular breed do you think it belongs to?

Mr. Carver—By the way it turns the edge of this carving knife I should say it was a Plymouth Rock!—*Glen Falls Republican.*

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, dated New York, Nov. 2, says: Money has been working closer during the past week, falling to 4 per cent last Saturday, but then rising steadily to 9 per cent, even more being paid in some cases. It does not appear that the change has any other cause than the demand from the interior, which continues later this year than usual, and on account of great business activity which is unusually large.

The foreign situation has not essentially changed, the bank of England having gained $1,640,000 for the week. There is scarcely any evidence of important movement of securities either way, but the sale of Minneapolis flour mills and northwest. farm mortgages to an English syndicate for $6,250,000 is a sample of many industrial operations in progress, which, in the aggregate, bring a vast amount of foreign capital into the country.

The volume of business continues very large, though signs of a reaction begin to appear at some of the larger centers of distribution. The balances of those exchanges at New York last week was due to stock operations and the clearings at Boston fell below last year's again, and in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago together the increase was but 2.4 per cent, but at all other points together it was over 10 per cent.

Prices are stiffening, though the general level has advanced scarcely a quarter of 1 per cent in two weeks; in the speculative markets there has been more activity, and, except in pork products and coffee, an advance. These changes call for more money in the movement of products, and building operations are also unusually active in many cities.

Liquidation in trust stocks continues, particularly in cotton oil, which has been heavily sold at a severe decline. But railroad stocks have been very stubbornly held, and average in price almost exactly as they did a week ago. Arrangements between the Chicago & Northwestern and the Union Pacific, and a rumored sale of the Chicago & Alton, look toward consolidations of great systems, and in the end a projected railway trust of gigantic proportions, but meanwhile popular disfavor may lead to interruptions by congress or state legislatures. For the present, at all events, the visible tendency toward consolidation encourages holders of securities, and the traff

WASHINGTON NEWS.

APPOINTMENTS.

A Number of People Made Happy by the President.

The president made the following appointments in the navy on Oct. 30:

William A. Windsor, to be chief engineer, with rank of lieutenant commander; William B. Caperton, to be a lieutenant; Harry M. Hodges, to be a lieutenant; James A. Ring, to be master, with rank of lieutenant; Charles A. Atwater and John H. L. Holcombe, to be lieutenants, junior grade.

The President made the following appointments on Oct. 31:

To be surveyors of customs—John Mahood, of Illinois, for the port of Galena, Ill.; Wm. H. Alexander, of Nebraska, for the port of Omaha, Neb.; Henry C. McArthur, of Nebraska, for the port of Lincoln, Neb. To be collector of customs—Wm. B. Sheppard, of Florida, for the district of Apalachicola, Fla.

PENSION INSTRUCTIONS.

General Raum at Work—The Line of Action to Be Followed.

Commissioner Raum went to the interior department yesterday and had a long conversation with Secretary Noble relative to the cases of the re-rated pension office employes. At the close of the conference General Raum said that he had discussed with the secretary the affairs of the pension office. "It is the first time I have had a chance to talk with him since my appointment," he added.

He said that the subject of the rerated employes' cases was discussed. "That matter is new to me," said Gen. Raum, "but the Secretary had gone over it all and is familiar with it." He stated that no definite action was reached in regard to any of the subjects touched upon. He thought that there would be another talk with the Secretary before final action was reached in the cases of the rerated employes.

Gen. Raum has issued instructions to heads of divisions in the Pension office directing that all claims involving large sums of money, after they have been prepared for special adjudication, are not to be passed upon. They are to be brought to his department, and he proposes to give them his personal consideration before the pension certificate will be issued. This change will not delay the final adjudication of the claim, as the Commissioner intends to give the preference to business of this character and examine the cases as soon as brought before him. He does not intend to make a re-examination of the cases, but in connection with the official familiar with the cases he will go over them so as to know what they are and the principle upon which they have been decided.

The commissioners issued an order today to chiefs of divisions, calls attention to numerous fee agreements filed in the office which are not in proper form, inasmuch as they do not contain the provisions of law which show what agreements for fees in excess of $10 are merely permissible and not compulsory. The commissioner orders that attorneys be advised of this formality, and that the said fee agreement must not be recognized for certification of a fee in excess of $10 after November 18 next.

GIVE THANKS.

November 28 Set Apart by the President's Proclamation.

President Harrison, on Nov. 2, issued his Thanksgiving proclamation as follows:

A highly favored people, mindful of their dependence on the bounty of Divine Providence, should seek fitting occasion to testify gratitude and ascribe praise to him who is the author of their many blessings. It behooves us then to look back with thankful hearts over the past year and bless God for his infinite mercy in vouchsafing to our land enduring peace, to our people freedom in the appliance of their labor, to our husbandmen abundant harvests, and to them that labor a recompense of their toil.

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, do earnestly recommend that Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of this present month of November, be set apart as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, and that the people of our country, ceasing the care and labors of their working day, shall assemble at their respective places of worship and give thanks to God, who has prospered us on our way and made our paths the paths of peace; beseeching Him to bless the day to our present and future good, making it truly one of thanksgiving each reunited home circle as for the nation at large.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this first day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and fourteenth. By the president.

BENJAMIN HARRISON,
JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State.

GEN. RAUM'S COURT.

He Proposes to Know What is Taking Place in His Office.

Gen. Raum, the commissioner of pensions, Col. Butterfield, chief of the board of review in the pension office, and Mr. Van Mater, now constitute a court whose jurisdiction is confined exclusively to pension cases.

At the sittings of this court the two associate judges, as they may be termed, bring to Presiding Justice Raum's attention all the more important cases that are passed upon in the pension office, and especially those involving the payment of large amounts of money.

The two subordinate officers, who have a thorough acquaintance with all pension matters, state briefly the facts and the law in each case, and, if Gen. Raum approves of their conclusions, a certificate of pension is granted. It is said that this court does not delay the issuance of pensions, and that, moreover, it gives Gen. Raum, who is made responsible for the conduct of the office, an opportunity to know exactly what is taking place. Heretofore the commissioner has practically done no more than sign his name to the certificates laid before him unless some special circumstances brought the matter more closely to his attention.

THEY TAKE LIFE EASY.

Applications by the Thousand for Positions Abroad.

There are in the gift of the secretary of State about 1,500 places in the diplomatic and consul services, the salaries attached to these varying from $17,000 to a few hundred dollars per annum. At every change of administration it is said that from 30,000 to 50,000 applications are filed at the State department by persons who are ambitious to enter those braches of the government service. One wonders that so large a number of American citizens are willing to become exiles from their country for the small compensation the great majority of those places pay.

Undoubtedly one reason is the hankering common in a large class of young men to travel, and learn the customs and languages of other people.

Another class of persons, mostly having fortunes of their own, are willing to take the places because of the social prestige attaching to diplomatic and consular rank. But probably the great secret of the tremendous rush for foreign embassies, secretaryships of legation and consulships is the general impression that they are the softest kind of snaps, so far as the actual work involved in the discharging of the duties is concerned. And that this impression is founded in fact observation of the mode of life of the representatives of foreign governments in Washington seems to go far to prove. The resident diplomatists unquestionably lead a life of elegant leisure.

For men who have any pretense to be business men, and have a serious object in life, they apparently do less business than any other class. Certainly none of our government employes, as much as is said about sinecures in office here, have anything like the snap these foreign diplomats have. Occasionally, when some special question arises between their government and ours, as when a new treaty is being negotiated, they will for a few weeks be kept quite busy. But, as a rule, their heaviest duties consist of calling now and then at the state department and attending the official affairs at the White House during the winter. The rest of the time the members of the diplomatic corps are pretty sure to be found wherever social gaiety is in progress.

In the morning they may be seen down town doing a little dainty shopping at Brentano's, or at the music stores, or visiting their tailors and haberdashers. Or they may be met on the promenade in natty morning suits and sporting the fashionable flower of the moment in their buttonholes. In the afternoon they form a large contingent in the wake of callers making the rounds in the swell quarters of the city, or they are to be seen airing themselves in fine turnouts on the many beautiful drives in the suburbs, or canvassing over the country lands astride handsome crop-tailed thoroughbreds.

In the evening, when a good opera or play is on the boards, the diplomatic corps is always represented in the brilliant audiences which gather in the theaters. At all the official and swell private receptions, dinner parties and balls, the diplomats are consequently the most sought after and favored guests, and they never fail to attend in large numbers where the wines and the dinners are good and plenty of pretty women are to be met. If they ever work, their hours must be exceedingly short, to judge by a incident which occurred at the maritime conference reveals the diplomatic idea of a long day's work.

The conference sessions are from 11 to 1 and 2 to 4 daily, five days in the week. There is so much work to be done, however, the American delegates proposed shorter, and in matters, the committee work should be done before and after those hours. This at once caused a commotion among the foreign delegates, some of whom showed a disposition to strike. They protested against any increase in the hours of labor, which, they declared, were already too long. They were exhausted, as it was, they said, by the four-hour sessions. So the American delegates had to yield and the conference adjourned for three days to give the committees a chance to work.

IN THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE

Queer Things That Fail to Find Their Proper Destination.

Among the mass of misguided mail matter which was dumped into the dead letter office one day some time ago, was a small cylindrical package, bearing an incomplete address, as "John Smith, No. —— Washington street, Tioga county, Ohio." The clerk into whose hands it fell opened it, in the hope of finding within a clue to the sender, or the number of John's house on Washington street, and in what city this particular Washington street was located. But the contents of the package gave him not the slightest clue in any direction. What he found within puzzled the clerk very much and aroused his curiosity. It was a small cylindrical object, covered with some waxy substance, in which winding round and round the cylinder were traced delicate grooves. The object seemed to be part of a machine, for at each end it had conveniences for fastening it in place, like a bobbin or a shuttle. The clerk had never seen anything like it before. Suddenly the thought dawned on him that it might be some sort of a new-fangled infernal machine. He was about to drop it, when a lightning-flash of recollection warned him that that would be the very worst thing he could do if it really were an explosive. So he held on to it, but exceeding gingerly, and took it to an older clerk, whose opinion he asked about the queer looking cylinder. The latter saw his anxiety, and after laughing at him heartily, relieved his mind and satisfied his curiosity by explaining that the suspicious looking object was a phonogram—one of the wax-covered cylinders used in phonographs to receive the talk which is poured into the funnel. The grooves on the wax were fine streaks of cold talk, which could be reproduced by running it through a phonograph again. The younger clerk had heard of the phonograph but had never seen one, and when listening to the older clerk's explanation of its workings this thought naturally struck him that if he could find out what was recorded in those delicate grooves on the cylinder, he might get the necessary clue to the sender and thus be able to forward the phonogram to John Smith. So out he went, hunted up a man who had a phonograph, put the cylinder in and there, sure enough, was in any other letter, at the very beginning, was the address of the neglected sender. This was the first phonogram that found its way into the dead letter office, but since that time, as the use of the phonograph has rapidly increased, many of them have been received and are put on the right track to their destination by means similar to the first one.

An employe of the dead letter office makes an interesting statement to THE BLADE. It is to the effect that comparatively few of the letters and packages received there go astray because of the illegibility of the writing in the addresses. As a rule, he said, Americans write a good, plain hand. Carelessness is the cause of 90 per cent of the mail matter received at the dead letter office finding its way there. A large percentage of the addresses on the letters and packages are type-written, but the addresses are left incomplete, or the wrong state or city given. Only 10 per cent of the matter handled is illegibly addressed.

PUBLIC DEBT.

A Decrease of Over $9,000,000 for the Month of October.

The following is a recapitulation of the public debt statement for October 30:

Interest Bearing Debt.

Bonds at 4½ per cent	$126,609,350.00
Bonds at 4 per cent	647,288,850.00
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	113,460.00
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000.00
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512.00
Principal	$852,635,172.00
Interest	9,427,800.99
Total	$859,062,972.99

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 1,885,875.26
Interest	152,406.41
Total	$ 2,038,281.67

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	346,737,458.50
Certificates of deposit	12,510,000.00
Gold certificates	120,937,229.00
Silver certificates	277,319,944.00
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,915,690.47
Principal	764,420,321.97

Total Debt.

Principal balance	1,618,941,360.23
Interest	6,580,207.40
Total balance	1,625,521,576.63
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	410,235,136.99
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000.00
Total	$519,235,136.99
Total debt—less available cash items	1,106,286,439.74
Net cash in the treasury	45,333,762.40
Debt less cash in the treasury Nov. 1, 1888	1,060,950,677.24
Debt less cash in the treasury Oct. 1, 1889	1,070,055,530.99
Decrease of debt during the month	$ 9,104,853.72
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1889	15,965,944.21

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$120,937,229.00
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	277,319,944.00
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	12,510,000.00
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	8,466,082.66
Fractional currency	1,881.33
Total available for reduction of the debt	419,235,136.99

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of June 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Fractional silver coin	$ 22,737,899.90
Minor coin	154,730.37
Total	$ 22,892,630.47
Certificates held as cash	37,604,196.00
Net cash balance on hand	45,335,762.40
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	$325,067,725.76

Which Was First?

Efforts have been made recently to establish the priority of admission into the union of one of the Dakotas. It now transpires that no one knows which was admitted first. On Saturday the President received from the State department the two proclamations, deficient only to the extent of his signature. The question of priority at once came up and it was found to be difficult to decide.

After some debate the two documents, unlooked at, were laid face downward on the desk on a sheet of paper and then they were shuffled together. When this stage of the game had been reached, the proclamations were turned face upwards, but protected by the sheet of paper upon which they had been laid. The sheet was slipped aside until the blank spaces for the Presidential signature were exposed, the autograph was appended to each, the ink allowed to dry, the proclamations turned over once more and again vigorously shuffled.

The two Dakotas were admitted to the union of states, and although one of them was ahead of the other just the length of time it took the President to write his name, history will never be able to record the name of the leader. It is a profound mystery and it will always be so.

Loring Gets the Contract.

The secretary of the Navy, on November 1, awarded to Harrison Loring, of Boston, the contract for constructing cruiser No. 11, of 2,000 tons displacement, for $674,000, to be completed in 2½ years from that day.

FOREIGN.

STANLEY AGAIN.

Mackinnon Has Received a Message From the Explorer.

Mr. Mackinnon, of London, the head of the Emin Relief commission, has received a dispatch from Henry M. Stanley, saying: "I reached the Albert Nyanza from Banalya for the third time in 140 days and found out that Emin and Jephson had both been prisoners since the 18th of August, 1888, being the day after I made the discovery that Barttelot's caravan had been wrecked. The troops in the equatorial province had revolted and shaken off all allegiance. Shortly after Mahdists invaded the province in full force.

After the first battle in May, the station yielded and a panic struck the natives, who joined the invaders and assisted in the work of destruction. The invaders subsequently suffered reverses and despatched a steamer to Khartoum for re-inforcements. I found a letter waiting for me near the Albert Nyanza exposing the dangerous position of the survivors and urging the immediate necessity of my arrival before the end of December, as otherwise it would be too late. I arrived there on January 18, for the third time.

From the 14th of February to the 8th of May I waited for the fugitives, and then left the Albert Nyanza homeward bound. By the route taken I traversed the Semliki valley, the Awamba, the Usongora, the Toro, the Unaiyana, the Unyampaka, the Anhori, the Karagwe, the Unaiva, the Uzinza, the South Victoria and the Nyanza. No hostile natives were met. Since we left Kabbareja we traveled along the base of the snowy ranges Rujenzori, three sides of southern Nyanza or Nyanza of Usoranga, now Albert Edward Nyanza, are about 900 feet higher than Albert Nyanza, having an exit at Semlike, which receives over fifty streams from the Rujenzori and finally enters the Albert Nyanza, making the Albert Edward the source of the southwest branch of the White Nile, the Victoria Nyanza being the source of the southeast branch."

Mr. Mackinnon says the commission has given orders that supplies for Stanley be hurried on to Mpwapwa and beyond there if possible. Stanley is expected to reach the coast in January or February.

THE TRUTH IS DAWNING.

Canada Begins to See the Drift to Closer Trade Relations.

The Dominion government is evidently becoming alarmed at the hold the agitation in favor of closer trade relations, and in some quarters political union, with the United States is gaining on the country. Their chief organ in Quebec, *La Canadien*, comes out strongly favoring imperial federation as deserving of serious attention by all who are anxious to maintain existing institutions, and to oppose an effectual barrier to the Americanizing and revolutionary tendencies of the liberal party, which are gravely threatening the stability of confederation and of gradually drifting Canada toward annexation.

The premier of Quebec, *La Canadien* says, is the heart and soul of a powerful organization with this object in view, and who is preparing a section of public opinion for radical changes, and it tells the government's friends that they will never combat the Quebec premier with success unless to his vigorous programme they oppose one equally vigorous, clear and well defined, and unless to Americanizing aims they oppose the British idea, firmly and without ambiguity, and unless against the advantages of a closer union with the United States, they set off the advantages of a closer union with Great Britain and sister colonies.

Until now the organs of the Dominion government must have ridiculed the idea that the movement in favor of closer relations with the United States had any following or foothold in Canada, and the admission of one of its chief mouthpieces and exponents of its views that the agitation in that direction is gravely threatening the stability of the confederation, and gradually drifting Canada into annexation with the United States, has caused no little comment in political circles here.

BRADLAUGH IS DYING.

The English Agitator and Atheist Believed To Be On His Death-Bed.

Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, who was recovering from his recent attack of illness, has suffered a relapse, and his physicians express little hope of his recovery.

[Charles Bradlaugh, the English agitator, was born in 1833. He became a streetorator at the age of 14 or 15 years, and his atheistic opinions date from the same time. He was expelled from home on account of his atheistic ideas, and supported himself as best he could. In 1858 he was editor of a journal called the *Investigator*, and a year later became editor of the *National Reformer*. It was in 1873 that Bradlaugh came to the United States and delivered lectures in many of the prominent cities. In 1880, Northampton sent him to parliament, but he refused to take the oath of office and was expelled by the House of Commons. He again appealed to his constituents in 1882 and was re-elected by a small majority, but once more he refused his oath. In 1885 no opposition was raised to his taking the oath after his own manner, and he represented Northampton that year and the year following.]

Conspirators Will be Shot.

Peruvian advices of September 24, say four officers belonging to the revolutionary force of Iglesias were captured on September 23, while attempting to capture the new cruiser Lima in Calino harbor. They tried to corrupt the chief officers of the gunboat. The latter pretended to accept the guarantee of a bribe of $40,000, and when a boatload of revolutionists came alongside on the night designated, four of the conspirators were captured. They will be shot.

Alarming Reports.

Advices from Brisbane state that the natives of Southwest New Guinea have massacred Rev. Mr. Savage, who was sent out by the London Missionary society, a number of native teachers and the crew of the cutter Mary, belonging to the society. The steamer Albatross, belonging to the Queensland government, has been dispatched to the scene of the murders.

Parnell's Moves.

The *Irish Times* says that Mr. Parnell has had a conference with the speaker of the House of Commons relative to the best mode of executing his intention at the next session of parliament of trying to establish the complicity of the government in the attacks made by the London *Times* on the Parnellite party.

Italy and Bulgaria.

It is stated that Premier Crispi told the Austrian ambassador at Rome that Italy would not hinder the efforts of Bulgaria to establish her independence.

The Italian parliament will open on the 25th inst.

Anti-Slavery Conference.

The representative of Belgium at the anti-slavery conference at Brussels, will submit a proposal to levy a duty of 5 per cent on all merchandise imported into the Congo state, the proceeds to be devoted to procuring the extinction of slavery.

Revolution Ended.

A telegram from Guatamala states that the revolution in that republic is ended, and that the government has triumphed over its enemies. All the revolutionists taken prisoners were shot.

Duty on Wheat Flour.

The Madrid *Gazette* publishes the text of the government bill to increase the import duty on wheat flour. It is proposed to add five pence per hundred kilos to the present duty.

MORGAN'S PLAN.

How He Would Educate the Young Indians.

Gen. T. S. Morgan, commissioner of Indian Affairs, has elaborated a system of education designed to reach all Indian youth of school age now under control of the Indian bureau. It is practically the American public school system, adapted to the requirements of the Indians.

It contemplates day schools, primary or home schools, grammar schools and high schools, so related that promotions can be made from grade to grade and from schools of a low order to those of a higher. It is to be non-partisan, and non-sectarian and teachers are to be employed and dismissed solely on the basis of efficiency or inefficiency. The industrial feature is to receive especial prominence, and particular pains are to be taken to equip Indian students for the practical duties of life.

The "outing system," by which pupils are placed in white families and attend public schools, is to be encouraged wherever practicable. The fullest opportunity is to be afforded to any Indian youth who desires to find a home among white people. Stress is laid upon the necessity of co-education and of bringing together in the same boarding school members of as many different tribes as possible, in order to destroy tribal antagonism and generate a feeling of common brotherhood and mutual respect.

GENERAL NEWS.

INDIANS WANT FOOD.

The White Man Has Cheated Them Out of Their Rights.

The two thousand Indians occupying the Wind River reservation, just south of the Yellowstone National Park, in Wyoming, are actually in want, and many will die of starvation before spring. Their beef ration is but three-fourths of a pound per capita, as against a pound and a half issued to each Sioux.

Then these Indians receive their meat on the hoof in the fall, subject to shrinkage, which is often 50 per cent. Again, the tribes on the reservation agreed to waive sugar and coffee rations, if the issue of beef and flour was increased, but the only portion of the deal consummated, was the withdrawal of sugar and coffee.

Their allotment of flour is insufficient, and the contractors delay its delivery. At the Wind River agency are remnants of the great Indian tribes, the Shoshones and Arapahoes. They have agricultural implements and horses, and many would farm, but they can not run irrigating ditches, and have no money to buy seeds.

This year a number cultivated small tracts, but defective ditches and an early frost caused the loss of their crops. Even now the Indians are reduced to desperate straits. The game has left the country, and they eat diseased carcasses of domestic animals.

But for Chief Washakie of the Shoshones, raids upon range cattle would be frequent. Gov. Warren has verified the facts by a visit to the country, and will place them before the Interior department in a supplemental report.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

The Papal Allocution Read in the Catholic Churches.

The Papal allocution on the Giordano Bruno statue in Rome was read on Sunday, November 3, at every mass in all the Catholic churches of the Chicago diocese. The reading was preceded by the following encyclical from Archbishop Feehan:

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—On Pentecost Sunday of this year a most grave outrage was offered to the Holy Father and through him to the Catholic world by the erection of a monument in the city of Rome to an impious man of abandoned morals—the apostate Bruno.

It is the duty of Catholics to protest against this insult, to make reparation for the injury done to religion and to express publicly our love and sympathy for the supreme head of the Catholic church.

While we protest against the spoliation of the sovereign pontiff, we will continue to pray earnestly for his complete restoration to all his just rights. The reverend clergy are hereby directed to read to the faithful under their charge the allocution of June 30, herewith enclosed.

On a solemn prayer for the intention of the holy father will be held on the 8th, 9th and 10th of November, the exercise to consist of the Litany of the blessed Virgin and benediction.

A plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions, may be gained on the occasions.

On Sunday, November 10, the annual collection for the Pope will be made in all the churches. Please announce it before hand and forward the proceeds to the chancellor as soon as possible. I remain, reverend and dear sir, yours faithfully in Christ.

P. A. FEEHAN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The Western Society Formed and Officers Elected.

The Western society of the Army of the Potomac was organized at Chicago on October 31, with a membership of 50 prominent ex-members of that division of the army. A committee on constitution and by-laws, appointed two weeks ago at a preliminary meeting, reported, and a constitution was adopted. The society is to ultimately include in its membership survivors of the army of the Potomac in the West and Northwest. The headquarters are to be in Chicago, but the regularly quarterly meetings may be held in any city.

The object of the association is the perpetuation of social relations formed during the war, and the collection and preservation of the records of the battles, campaigns and skirmishes of the army. General Walter C. Newberry presided at the meeting. Beginning with the January meeting, the society will meet quarterly. At the annual meeting and banquet, to which distinguished soldiers will be invited, an oration will be delivered. Preceding the first quarterly meeting, monthly meetings will be held to complete the organization.

GRANT'S REMAINS.

They will be Removed from Riverside Park, New York.

"The body of General Grant will very probably be removed from its present resting place in New York to West Point or Arlington cemetery," said Mr. George W. Childs on Nov. 2. "Several years before his death, General Grant said that his military superior, Winfield Scott, was buried at West Point, and he would like to lie there. He also expressed a desire that his wife might be buried at his side.

"At the time of General Grant's death New York came quickly forth with its offer to provide a resting place. Now, however, influential Grand Army men have asked that the body be moved to Arlington, and special arrangements have been made to allow of Mrs. Grant being buried at the same place. United States army officers seem to prefer West Point. Within a few weeks I expect to see Mrs. Grant, and she will, of course, be the first to act."

HIGHBINDERS ONCE MORE.

A Pitched Battle on the Streets of San Francisco.

The attempted assassination of a Chinaman in Chinatown, San Francisco on October 31, led to a pitched battle between highbinders which would have had disastrous results if they had been good pistol shots. As it was, several had narrow escapes and two were wounded.

Ug Wong was wounded last week for murdering a Mongolian last July. Mok Sem was the only witness who saw the shooting. He was warned by Yuen's friends that if he testified they would kill him. Wednesday he gave testimony which convicted the accused and will send him to the gallows.

Wednesday night Yuen's society chose six men to kill Mok. They waylaid him on one of the principal streets and opened fire. Two bullets went through his hat and a third clipped his thumb. He ran for dear life. Four members of his own highbinder society happened to be in the vicinity and they promptly blazed away at Mok's assailants. The fight was general and over 30 shots were exchanged. The police captured four of the assassins, but two who were wounded were helped to escape.

CROOKED INSURANCE.

Sensational Statements Made Concerning An Organization.

What purports to be a statement coming from Dr. P. L. McHinnie, recently deposed head physician of the Modern Woodmen of America, is published in the papers of Rock Island and Moline, Ill. It treats of the recent trouble between Dr. McKinnie and Root, head council of the order, and makes grave and sensational accusations with regard to the latter.

McKinnie holds that he was removed from the order because of his exposure of a fraudulent payment for the death claim of $3,000 of John Bernum, for which all members of the society were assessed, and avers that no such man ever belonged to the society. He claims the money was paid on the strength of fraudulent names and fictitious signatures.

A Boy Sent to a Pest Ship to be Punished Dies.

A court of inquiry will be ordered to examine into the circumstances connected with the death of Guy Andrews, one of the apprentice boys on the United States training ship New Hampshire, stationed at Newport, R. I.

The New Hampshire became infected with fever several months ago and secretary Tracy ordered that all the boys be removed from the ship to quarters on coasters Harbor Island.

After the order was issued, young Andrews was punished for some misdemeanor by confinement on board the New Hampshire, where he developed symptoms of typhoid fever.

He was then removed from the ship to the hospital on the island, where he died after a long illness.

It is charged that Commander Higginson the chief officer at the Newport naval training station, made a practice of punishing the boys by confinement on this ship after Secretary Tracy's order was issued.

DISTRESS IN THE NORTH.

A Review of the Situation—Why it is Hard to Get Facts.

The greater the amount of information received concerning the destitution in North Dakota, the more difficult does it appear to form an adequate idea of the distress actually prevailing there. Not that there is any tendency to exaggerate on the part of the sufferers, but decidedly the reverse. In fact, it is the extreme sensitiveness shown in this respect that is responsible for the apparent indifference with which the matter has hitherto been treated.

In the first place the area over which the distress prevails is certainly much greater than has been so far supposed. On Oct. 30 it was estimated that fully 20,000 people were bordering on the last stage of destitution. Mr. Marvin, chairman of the St. Paul Relief committee, feels convinced from information received that is was nearer 20,000 families, representing a total of upward of 100,000 people.

Such widespread distress and magnitude with which it confronts the twin cities is appalling. How to meet the needs of such a host is a question beyond the power of any local committee to cope with.

So far the contributions received are inadequate to the necessities of the case. A few bundles of old clothing and small cash subscriptions have been sent in, and the committee is making the most strenuous efforts to obtain and forward all possible aid for the sufferers as promptly as possible.

In regard to South Dakota, while the distress there is very bad, it is not to be compared either in magnitude or intensity to that in the northern state. Probably 1,000 families are destitute, but they can be nearly all taken care of by the towns surrounding the district. W. B. Sterling, an old resident of Huron, arrived in the city to-day and gave an account of the situation.

"There is no question that a large number of people, especially in Faulk and Miner counties, are in condition of partial destitution. That is to say, they have experienced a failure of corps for three consecutive years and last year the loss was absolute. They have no means wherewith to purchase either food or fuel, as their farms as a rule are mortgaged to such an extent that they cannot raise any more money. In Miner county there are 8,000 people and one-third of them will need help. They have neither food nor fuel. In Huron the people have organized as thoroughly as possible to furnish relief. The ladies have formed Dorcas societies, and are supplying clothing.

Money-Lenders the Cause of the Suffering in the Northwest.

At a joint meeting of the committees from Minneapolis and St. Paul boards of trade on October 30 George A. Brackett, of the associated charities, who has just returned from an extended trip in Ramsey county, said he had looked over the ground carefully, and thought the stories of destitution were exaggerated.

He failed to find a family that was really in need of the necessaries of life. Mr. Brackett believes that people in that section are suffering more from mortgage sharks than from failure of crops. He says they are compelled to pay from 80 to 100 per cent. per annum for loans. He has a scheme for the organization of a trust company to loan money to Dakotans for 10 per cent. per annum.

He says the twin cities can do more for the people of Dakota in this direction than in any other way. Dr. Mattice, of Brookings, S. D., said he believed the people of South Dakota were abundantly able to take care of their own sufferers.

The Reports of Destitution Were Greatly Exaggerated.

The reports of destitution in North Dakota are greatly exaggerated, and while there are some isolated communities in need of assistance, the statement that "over a hundred thousand people are in want" does the state an injustice.

There is some suffering in Rodney and Kelso counties, but in these two localities it is difficult to locate any one in actual want. The reports sent out from Minneapolis and St. Paul are in most instances highly colored. There is nothing in the situation to justify the reports that a famine exists in Dakota.

OPIUM SMUGGLERS.

They Make a Nice Thing Out of It at San Francisco.

It is apparent that a gang of smugglers at San Francisco has for six months been making a very handsome profit out of the opium trade, and an investigation has brought to light figures which place the loss to the government through fraud at nearly $100,000.

It has been an open secret that smugglers are constantly working that port to avoid duty on the drug, which amounts to $410 a box, but the extent of the loss to the government has never before been ascertained. The largest firm in China exporting opium is the house of Sing Wo & Co. of Hong Kong.

They export three-fourths of the opium sent out from China, and consumers of the drug in this country, as a rule, will use only the Sing Wo brand. Upon the sailing of every steamer from China to San Francisco the company forwards to its agents in this city a detailed statement of the amount of opium shipped.

A prominent Chinese merchant in this city, has taken an inventory of the shipments made by Sing Wo & Co. in 1888, and for the present year. Last year 1,845 boxes were shipped; in the first six months of this year, 804 boxes, and since July 1, 83 boxes. The figures of the custom-house demonstrates that scarcely any opium has been received here through the custom house.

The net loss to the government in customs duties during the last half of 1889 will approximate $400,000. There is no decrease in the amount of opium consumed. On the other hand it is to be presumed that the consumption is greater than ever, and as the smugglers furnish all opium not brought through this custom house the ring has, during the last six months, been making a profit of over $92,000 a month.

ACTION FOR LIBEL.

Mrs. John W. Mackay's Case Against the Manchester Examiner.

The action for libel brought by Mrs. John W. Mackay against the Manchester, Eng., *Examiner* came up for hearing in the court of queen's bench at London on Oct. 31. The libel complained of alleged that the plaintiff was a poor widow with two children, and that she was employed as a washerwoman by Nevada miners when Mackay was first attracted toward her and fell in love with and married her.

The plaintiff contends that the words of the article suggested that she was not a lady by birth or education, and that she was not accustomed to associating with persons of good position. The defendants admit the first innuendo, but deny the second.

The defendants had paid £10 into court. The question before the court was whether the payment applied to the whole libel or to the innuendo admitted. The court ruled that it applied only to that part of the libel admitted.

The Abilene Bank Goes Under After Paying a Few Creditors.

Lebold & Fisher, of Abilene, Kas., made an assignment on October 31 to Attorney Mead, and locked the Abilene bank's doors against all comers. Since Monday's suspension a large number of local depositors have been settled with, and it was hoped that all could be satisfied.

New England creditors commenced legal proceedings and the assignment was necessity. The remaining liabilities amount to $283,000, with assets which, being in western lands, will come far from satisfying claims when sold at forced sale.

Gigantic Land Company.

One of the largest transactions in land ever consummated in the South has recently been perfected and was made public on Nov. 2. All the unsold lands in Florida of the Plant system of railroads and steamships, of the Florida Southern railroad, of the Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West system, including the Florida Southern railway, and of the Florida Commercial company, have been consolidated under the name of the Associated Railway Land department of Florida, with headquarters of the syndicate at Sanford, Fla., under the management of Col. D. H. Elliott as general agent.

Convicted of Selling Hard Cider.

The first conviction under the Kansas prohibitory law for the sale of hard cider was secured in the District court at Topeka on October 31. The defendant was Nick Schaeffer, proprietor of a hotel, and in accordance with the instructions of the presiding judge the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

THE CRONIN CASE.

Barkeeper Reilly's Testimony as to What Coughlin Said.

In Judge McConnell's court, in which the Cronin trial is in progress, George Reilly, a barkeeper, was called to the witness chair. He testified that in the latter part of March, Coughlin, O'Sullivan and others were in the saloon and were talking politics, when Coughlin said that a certain North Side Catholic was talking too much, and that if he didn't keep his mouth shut he would get the worst of it.

Friday's Proceedings.

Martin McHale, carpet layer, was the first witness in the Cronin trial, on Nov. 1. He testified that the carpet bought by "J. B. Simonds," in February last, was laid by him (the witness) on the floor of a room at 117 Clark street. The witness was then shown a piece of carpet, presumably from the Carlson cottage, and he identified it as identical in pattern with that which he laid in the Clark street room.

After the shipping clerk, delivery man and other employes of Revell's had testified, the first important witness of the day —Annie Carlson—was placed on the stand. The young woman began her testimony very timidly. After a few questions she became so nervous that her replies were almost inaudible.

It frequently became necessary for the court stenographer to repent aloud the barely uttered sentences which fell from her lips. The audience in the court-room, assuming that revelations of the most sensational character were being made, craned their necks in the direction of the witness stand.

The excitement became intense, as Mr. Mills put the next question. The witness then went on to state how on the 20th of March, while she was at the Carlson's, a man came to rent the cottage which stood near the house. He said his sister was to keep house for him and that he had some furniture he wanted to move in at once. He gave his name as Frank Williams.

"Mrs. Carlson," asked the lawyer, "do you see that stranger in the court room now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you point him out to the jury?"

"There he is," (the witness pointing directly to Martin Burke.)

"Do you mean Martin Burke, that man?" continued Mr. Mills, pointing to Burke again.

"Yes," replied the witness and that ended her examination, which had produced the greatest sensation of the trial.

Mr. Forrest then cross-examined the witness at great length, going into all details of her movements and her visits to the Carlsons' house. She testified that she had never seen Burke from the day he entered the cottage until a few days ago when she came into the court-room for the purpose of identifying him, yet she recognized him.

His eyes, hair and mouth and his peculiar way of looking, she said, made a great impression on her and caused her to notice him at once. Mr. Forrest made the witness look away from Burke and at the jury and then describe his features and the look of his hair. This she did.

Mr. Forrest, for the defense, raised the question as to whether this testimony was applicable to any other of the defendants except Burke.

The court decided that that was a question which would have to be decided by the subsequent developments of the trial.

Jonas Carlson.

Jonas Carlson, the owner of the cottage, was the next witness. He corroborated the testimony of his daughter-in-law about the stranger coming to rent the cottage. The witness then said:

"He asked me if it was my house, as he wanted to rent the house. I told him yes. He said let me see the house, and we walked over to the house, and I took the keys and went up to the house with him. We entered by the back door, and he looked around and said there were six rooms; how much do you ask for it. I said twelve dollars a month. Can you take six eleven? No, I cannot, I said. I will give you the money now, he said. Then I got the money and my boy gave him a receipt when we went back to the other house."

Carlson went on to say that the stranger who gave the name of Frank Williams said that he had three brothers, and his sister was to come on from Baltimore to keep house for them. He had bought the furniture, and it would arrive in two or three days.

The stranger then took the key. The witness said he had met and talked with O'Sullivan, one of the defendants, many times. O'Sullivan lived in the immediate vicinity.

SING HAM AND WIFE.

John and His Bride Have Considerable Trouble.

About a month ago Sing Ham, a wealthy Chinaman of Kansas City, married a white girl in Chicago. Then he went to Kansas City on a wedding tour, sold his laundry and grocery stores, and, returning to Chicago, went into business.

Within two weeks his wife attempted to desert him for a former admirer named George Cooper, but was frustrated. On October 30 Sing locked his wife in a closet and went about his business. With the assistance of Cooper and Lena Schrader she escaped and hurried to the Wisconsin Central depot.

Sing Ham heard of the proceedings, and, with the assistance of the police, intercepted the party. Sing Ham and Lena Schrader were captured, but Cooper escaped. Later in the evening Sing Ham repented and went in search of a justice of the peace to secure his wife's release.

Three Skeletons Unearthed by Workmen at Paola, Kas.

Workmen at Paola, Kas., on Nov. 1, unearthed what is probably the remains of the victims of an old murder while excavating for a foundation for a new house. The spot fixed for the work was on the site of an old log house which stood on the old Santa Fe trail. This house was at one time a general resort for travelers going to the west from the states.

It was a tavern and saloon and was noted for the hard characters who made it their headquarters. In digging the workmen came upon three skeletons lying together under the floor of the house. Each skull bore the marks of having been crushed in by a heavy blow.

The Brewery Deal.

It is reported on good authority that the deal between the associated brewers of St. Louis and the combination of eastern